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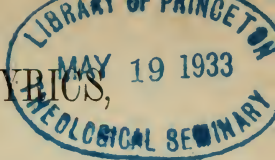








✓  
SACRED LYRICS,



OR,

Hopes and Yearnings Heavenward.

BY

✓✓

JOHN J. MORRIS, A. M.

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## PREFACE.

Down in dim valleys may the traveller trace,  
(In musing wonder through the lonely place,)  
Some silent stream, the glory of the ground,  
Where nature's beauties flourish all around.  
His eye at venture wanders o'er the scene,  
Regards this lily, then that tuft of green,  
Returns and re-surveys, and wanders still,  
From bud to herbage, and from tree to rill.  
But see! his eye has caught some favorite flower,  
Kindred to those, which, for his childhood's bower  
His gentle parent from his garden drew,  
That his dear child might his affection view;  
Though distant be the traveller from that home,  
His soul o'er each remembered spot doth roam;  
His father's counsels and his mother's kiss,  
Restore, by sweet remembrance, early bliss,  
So, if some Christian, should, though faintly, see,  
Saviour of sinners! here some love to Thee,  
May he recall thy early love, and feel  
A kindred pleasure o'er his spirit steal;  
With sweet simplicity review those days),  
When hope was rapture, and rejoicing, praise,  
And through our Saviour, (glory here be given,  
Seek with new joy the sapphire walls of heaven.

JOHN J. MORRIS.



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## THE BURYING.

The hamlet weeps. The churchyard in the vale,  
With open gate, unfolds a mournful tale.

The wailing mourners wind below the hedge,  
Along the orchard's low, uneven edge,  
Then by the barn, the out-house and the mill,  
And down the crooked pathway of the hill,  
There, musing, pause. That was the slumberer's  
couch,

At sultry noon ; he there his cumbrous pouch,  
Stored with the dainties of the pantry, drew,  
And silent, feasted, as the minutes flew ;  
Watching, half pensive, the sleek, listless herd,  
Whose crashing hoofs startled the timid bird  
Lured by the crumbs dropt at his rustic meal ;  
Or by the sudden whirring of the wheel.

There is the well, whose nectar he drew up,  
In the broad bucket, for his earthen cup ;  
There is the barnyard, and the glistening pails,  
Reversed, and ranged along the topmost rails.  
The cows he tended, hay he helped to mow,  
The rye luxuriant which he helped to sow ;  
The veering vane, whose warning he pursued,  
And stacked the wheat, and cooped the truant  
brood ;

The morning glory, affluent of shade,  
The trellised arbor, where, at morn, he prayed,

The whetted scythe, the sturdy yoke, the plough,  
Left in sad haste beneath the poplar bough.  
The vines he nurtured for the household use,  
The fertile meadow, watered by a sluice  
His hand prepared : and then the church fenced  
in

By porch and shade-tree, from the hamlet's din.  
They slowly pace the grassy road that bounds,  
The humble tombs which stud the spacious  
grounds,

Speak in a whisper of his recent feast,  
Of invitations given to the least ;  
His kindly pedigree, his happy birth,  
His steady virtue, and his genial worth.  
How, when a famine, numerous garners bared,  
His hand, unstinting, large provisions spared ;  
When drought consumed the promise of the field,  
His granary supplied abundant yield ;  
His ruddy face, his blue, mirth-darting eye,  
Bore no sad tell-tale of affliction's sigh ;  
His feats of skill, his manly grace rehearse,  
The tale with wise reflections intersperse ;  
And some remembered to have seen him steal  
To a dim covert, there, sequestered, kneel,  
(The haze of twilight, gathering down the lane,  
While the cool zephyr swayed the pliant grain,)  
And plead for blessings on his neighbor's house,  
His own dear children, and his loving spouse,  
Then rise refreshed, as the sweet evening star,  
Type of his faith, peered through the heavens  
afar.

At harvest home his home-made wine was  
brought,  
To soothe the rigor of repulsive thought ;  
The blithe corn-huskers many a mile around,  
A wife or husband at his table found ;  
And love there prompted, in seclusion sealed,  
Beneath his roof the artless pair revealed.  
On the clear Sabbath, with his knotted staff,  
And children dimpled by the guileless laugh,  
He trudged the turnpike's mended edge along,  
And cheered the journey by a Sabbath song ;  
Then as he passed some ivy-clustered door,  
He saw some visage he had seen before,  
Halted a moment for familiar chat,  
Charmed by the pleasure which the scene begat,  
Stroked the old watch-dog, leaned upon the  
fence,  
While his small offspring lingered in suspense ;  
Then with good morning, bade his quick adieu,  
And to the church his hasty footsteps drew.  
There, with the waiting crowd outside the gate,  
He shook each hand, the tiny and the great ;  
Spake of the mercies which the Lord had given,  
To bring His people to the gate of heaven ;  
Up the broad aisle he took his stately way,  
To join the sacred worship of the day ;  
With tongue devout commence Jehovah's praise,  
And waft affection on its beauteous lays ;  
And when death-stricken, gifts of friendships  
came,  
From noble, abject, wise, or dull, the same ;

(Since none insensible to kindness prove,  
And e'en a monster is subdued by love ;)  
The housewife's treasure, careful fingers took,  
To grace the shelf within his bed-room nook ;  
And choice libations, fragrant shrub or leaf,  
All the dear tokens of unmeasured grief,  
Garnished the table or the window-seat,  
Regaled his failing sense with perfume sweet.  
At one still eve a thrill of music flew,  
The trembling casement, the broad entry  
through ;  
Some said, the birds from yonder eaves-built nest,  
Had thither warbled as they sought their rest ;  
Anon, sweet perfume came upon the breeze,  
Some said it floated from the garden-trees ;  
A light shone full upon the sufferer's bed,  
Some thought the sun his lingering ray there  
shed ;  
Each half-unconscious held his struggling breath,  
And some more buoyant whispered,—this is death !  
This they recount ; with stifled sobs repeat,  
His varied history, with praise replete ;  
Cast furtive glances at the reeling bell,  
Hear, with their hearts subdued, its grieving  
knell ;  
Now are the rites performed, the body lowered,  
And grief's mementoes on the coffin showered ;  
Now they retire, each to his loved abode,  
And in its pleasures light the bosom's load.  
The birds that warbled 'neath the window-seat,  
Fly heavenward now, as to pursue his feet ;

The rose he planted near the garden-gate,  
Droops as if pressed by melancholy great;  
Those trees, these fields, a burial-vesture wear,  
The valley echoes to a solemn air;  
Kind nature mourns him whom no love could  
    save,  
Wets with her tears his lowly, grass-bound  
    grave.



## HYMN.

## THE SUPREME AUTHORITY OF GOD.

All that I have or see or know,  
    The earth I tread, the towering tree,  
The rivers rise, the rills smooth flow,  
    The buoyant, broad, surf-bordered sea;

These live, or move, or stand, or speak,  
    Permitted or ordained by God;  
Deprived of this the brave were weak,  
    The beautiful but desert clod.

Now let me live as though I feel  
    The majesty of Him I serve;  
Now let me strive to learn His will,  
    And ne'er from prompt obedience swerve.

Above me, Jesus kindly asks,  
    That which an infant might supply;  
Love, and love only, that which basks,  
    In the calm sunshine of His eye.

## HYMN.

## THE HOME OF THE HAPPY.

The home of the happy, it is not of earth,  
'Mid grief and confusion,'mid famine and dearth ;  
It lies far away in the universe bright,  
And Jesus, the Saviour, dispenseth it light.

The home of the happy, what eye can explore,  
Or compass its confines, or distance its shore ?  
The love that throughout an eternity ran,  
Can measure its limits, can compass its span.

The home of the happy, oh when we ascend,  
We'll sing hallelujahs, adoringly bend ;  
We'll worship with angels, and conqueror-saints,  
Whose love never falters, whose praise never  
faints.

The smile of Jehovah, the mountains of rest,  
The city of glory, the vales of the blest,  
The noontide eternal, the festival,—love,  
We'll share in the home of the happy above.



## MORNING HYMN.

The morning dawns, its rays extend,  
And varied tints of beauty blend;  
A silence deep subdues the air,  
Because it is the hour of prayer.

The hour of prayer ! Christian attest,  
Thy unison with God's behest;  
Plead for the confidence he gives,  
Thy Father, Guide, Protector, lives.

No other hand can yield so much,  
There's healing in His gracious touch;  
There's pity in His look ; His voice,  
Bids nature and thy heart rejoice.

Go then in prayer, crave, sue, entreat,  
Grace gushes 'neath the Saviour's feet ;  
Where'er thou kneel'st, there wilt thou find  
God to alleviate inclined.

Pray to thy Father, and when death  
Has struggled for thy failing breath,  
One prayer,—“receive my spirit, Lord,”  
Will seas of heavenly joy afford.

## HYMN.

## WAITING FOR THE WILL OF GOD.

See, Lord, I wait to do Thy will,  
Sweet is Thy service here ;  
Sufficient is Thy voice to still,  
Each trying, threatening fear.

I ask not for some pleasant field,  
Of comfort or of gain,  
Where wealth and majesty may wield  
The symbols of their reign.

No, Saviour, let my toil and zeal  
My strong attachment prove ;  
That sinners may confess I feel,  
The fervor of Thy love.

Then shall my soul rejoice within,  
My hand and heart agree,  
To wage the mighty war with sin,  
And labor but for thee.

## THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Down in a pleasant, sheltering nook,  
Stands a secluded church ;  
Beside it leaps a gurgling brook,  
O'erhung by oak and birch.

The flowers that perish in the vale,  
Send up their perfume there ;  
As lips, that trembling, pulseless, pale,  
Breathe, and are stilled,—in prayer.

The Ivy lingers at the door,  
The mossy arch entwines ;  
'Tis beautiful as 'twas of yore,  
As verdant are its vines.

There on the pleasant sabbath morn,  
The human tides converge ;  
And tongues familiar once to scorn,  
Move to a Psalm or Dirge.

Hark ! 'tis the church bell, hark ! it tells,  
Of swiftly passing time ;  
Of cooling streams, of shady dells,  
And youth's rejoicing prime.

A fervor flies from heart to heart,  
And praise from tongue to tongue ;  
And music, uncorrupt by art,  
Is calmly, sweetly sung.

Slowly the worshippers disperse,  
Through all the churchyard lone ;  
Or pause to read some favorite verse,  
Or scan some sculptured stone.

Dim shadows flit along the wall,  
The faintest sound expires ;  
Now through the casement, spire and hall,  
Stream the rich sunset fires.

Deep in a lovely, quiet nook,  
Stands that secluded church ;  
And brightly leaps the gurgling brook,  
O'erhung by oak and birch.



#### EPITAPH.

Rest thee in glory ! for no rest thou found,  
While e'er thou journeyed life's confusing round ;  
Rest thee in glory ! not to sleep, to see,  
The varied splendours of eternity ;  
Rest thee in glory ! for thy days were passed,  
In pains, each one more piercing than the last ;  
And conscience almost to thy breast denied,  
The hope that Jesus stood thy bed beside.  
But now thy lifesands are forever run,  
Thy crown of victory in glory won !  
Rest thee in glory, saints and angels sing,  
Rest thee in glory with thy God and King.

## HYMN.

## THE TREASURES LAID UP IN HEAVEN.

What a vast estate is mine,  
What a treasure to me tendered ;  
Jesus' blood the seal and sign,  
Unto me in mercy rendered.

Freely given, Oh ! how kind,  
Thus to treat a child of sorrow ;  
One to holy beauties blind,  
Doubting, fearing for the morrow.

Gold and jewels, crowns and stars,  
Make the measure of my glory ;  
Faith lets down my prison-bars,  
Bars with dust of sin made hoary.

Far I look, and farther still,  
Stretches the estate forever ;  
Oh what joy my heart to fill,  
Fruit of faith more than endeavour.

When I die I shall possess,  
This circumference of beauty,  
Area of happiness ;  
Let me now perform my duty.

## HYMN.

## ESTRANGEMENT FROM THE FATHER'S PRESENCE.

Sad is my spirit when estranged,  
From any of Thy kind commands ;  
Thy pleasures from my paths are changed,  
Thy sweetest service from my hands.

Thy kingdom was my glory once,  
Now worldly cares Thy gifts exclude ;  
There's joy in felt omnipotence,  
To him by His sweet love imbued.

But to the wanderer 'tis pain,  
To think his God can penetrate,  
Each thought, affliction, false or vain,  
While its development we wait.

The way, though narrow, to Thy throne,  
Help me with faithful feet to tread ;  
Mercy is Thine, Thou Lord, alone,  
Here on my heart its favors shed.

## HYMN.

## THE WATERS OF SALVATION.

There is a stream whose crystal deeps,  
A world of bliss reveals ;  
Yet man beside the current weeps,  
And only anguish feels.

Lo ! on its borders roses bloom,  
In fairest, loveliest hue ;  
And vapors drifting sweet perfume,  
Veil the delightful view.

The spring from which it gently flows,  
Is like the current,—pure ;  
They who its precious worth disclose,  
Find for each pain a cure.

Apostles traced its ancient way,  
And drank its limpid tide ;  
The draught inspired their feeble clay ;  
Its waters ne'er subside.

And weary Christians oft have drank,  
And found the waters sweet ;  
Then in the arms of Jesus sank,  
And found their joy complete.

It flows for us,—Oh would we taste,  
Our souls would rapture feel ;  
To the great head-spring joyful haste,  
And there our love reveal.

---

## HYMN.

## THE LIGHT OF FAITH AND LOVE.

Led by the light of faith and love,  
The soul maintains her way,  
Until she reach the scene above,  
Of calm and cloudless day.

Then she sits down with Christ and God,  
No more to weep and mourn ;  
Nor suffer, through a weary road,  
The vile blasphemer's scorn.

There envy shoots no arrows dark,  
Her character to stain ;  
Nor passion rude, inflames the spark,  
That prompts the sinner's pain.

The pleasure of the place is full,  
The harmony is sweet ;  
God did each lingering terror lull,  
And makes their joy complete.



## HYMN.

## TEMPTATIONS THWARTING OUR PLANS FOR HOLY LIVING.

Lord ! When I would obey Thy word,  
And taste Thy righteousness,  
Temptations some new grief afford,  
And make my comforts less.

I fear Thy anger then to meet,  
(Thy law is just and clear :)  
Bow in repentance at Thy feet,  
And plead for pardon, there.

Oh how delightful then to know,  
That mercy still is Thine ;  
To feel that sacred mercy flow,  
O'er this sad heart of mine.

Such is Thy love, my service such ;  
But faith looks calm above,  
And waits the kind, angelic touch,  
To lift me to Thy love.

## · EPITAPH.

Far from the world's vain strife, its gorgeous  
show,  
She lived in glory, though she moved below ;  
Her gentle soul sequestered by love,  
Longed to assume the pinions of a dove,  
Leave earth below and rise to regions far ;  
Faith her true compass, Christ her guiding star.  
She longed, yet waited, hoped, depended, died ;  
Then passed the gate, a saint all glorified.



## SONNET.

“HIS FAVOR IS AS DEW UPON THE GRASS.”

His favor ! this sustains, invigorates,  
Alike the peasant, pauper, slave and king ;  
Through the dull veins a buoyant life creates ;  
And to the eye a speaking lustre brings ;  
The tongue long silent, of His mercy sings.  
The man walks forth, and varied forms describes,  
Or on the earth, or in the circling air,  
Or in the distant grandeur of the skies,  
Or in the covert of the forest lair.  
In all, in each a gracious God is seen,  
'Neath forest-arches, in the winding dell,  
In ocean-surges, or the velvet green,  
Where roaring cataracts their chorus swell,  
There is his God, and there His favor dwells.

## HYMN.

MAN A CREATURE TEMPORAL, GOD A SPIRIT ETERNAL.

Make me, oh God, to know mine end,  
And to remember where I tend;  
How frail, how feeble is this dust,  
And so is all our mortal trust.

But thou eternal art, and great,  
Thou movest in imposing state;  
Thy regal glory shines above,  
But shines inferior to Thy love.

My days are few and thus should be,  
Thou dwellest in eternity;  
Yea, in eternity Thy throne,  
Stood e'er this world Thy power didst own.

While that I ponder on Thy power,  
I will devote each passing hour,  
To faith's employment, and pursue,  
Thy grace 'till heaven's bright hills I view.

## HYMN.

## FOR SABBATH MORNING.

Father ! on this Sabbath morn,  
May our souls from earth be borne,  
May they rise to Thine embrace,  
Rest within Thy holy place.

Now while all around is still,  
We with pure devotion fill ;  
What the world has quickened, calm,  
Cover with Thy Gilead-balm.

As the dew upon the grass,  
Shed Thy mercy as we pass ;  
As the radiance of the sun,  
Warm through all our feelings run.

Thus refreshed, oh bear us on,  
Every precious Sabbath dawn ;  
Then, like yonder glistening orb,  
In Thyself our souls absorb.

## HYMN.

## DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

Thus are we gathered to the grave,  
And thus we mortals die ;  
Christ the immortal soul can save ;  
Thou sinner, there rely.

Safe is the lodgement in His heart,  
What sweet associates there !  
And though thy friends or kindred part,  
Eternal is His care.

When once received by Christ below,  
His promises of love,  
Come in a full, abundant flow,  
To cheer our souls above.

Then death unfolds the doors of bliss,  
And thus the promise seals ;  
How precious is that holiness,  
Which such rich fruit reveals.

Though we are gathered to the tomb,  
We are endowed by love,  
To change its fetters and its gloom,  
For freedom, light above.

## HYMN.

## PERSUASIONS TO REPENTANCE.

Sinner ! art thou conscious, say,  
That the Lord can pardon give ;  
If thou walk destruction's way,  
Canst thou longer hope to live ?

See the Father here present,  
Ample evidence of grace ;  
Hear him call thee to repent,  
And thy faith on Jesus place. .

Man of future bliss may boast,  
But his boastings, oh how vain ;  
Once the time of mercy lost,  
Ne'er may it return again.

Present mercy may be Thine,  
If thy wayward soul consent ;  
If thou dost the grace decline,  
Sinner ! when wilt thou repent ?

But methinks I hear thy voice,  
Trembling say,—“ I now believe ;”  
Full in mercy's gift rejoice,  
Jesus' love and faith receive.

## HYMN.

## GRATITUDE FOR MERCIES UNMERITED.

True, Thou art love, and dost demand,  
No large oblation from my hand,  
Yet gratitude requires,  
Some proper offering of praise,  
Through all succeeding mortal days,  
Thy mercy Lord inspires.

If I exalt Thy name above,  
I but assist Thy sacred love,  
Its office, such, and aim;  
For while the angels wing their flight,  
Through Thy pavilions, Lord of light,  
“Most glorious,” is Thy name.

Each moment marks some mercy here,  
Each planet in the heavenly sphere,  
Thy holy love displays;  
The breakers on the shore that beat,  
The flowers exhaling fragrance sweet,  
Express to man Thy praise.

The roaring wind predicts Thy path,  
When Thou, avenging God of wrath,  
Shall sweep the proud to hell;  
The harmonies of birds that fly,  
Up to their fragile nests on high,  
Angelic songs foretell.

True, Thou art terrible to sin,  
But o'er vile nature's loudest din,  
Thy heavenly call is given;  
I rush for refuge to Thy breast;  
My God! of that dear space possest,  
I have discovered heaven.



## LINES.

At sultry noon,  
A stranger weary from his rugged road,  
Begged of a cottager a modest boon;  
His cumbrous load,  
Threw by the gate,  
And craved some healthful, life-inspiring  
drink,  
Then 'neath the doorway shade, invited sat;  
From the well's brink,  
The peasant brought,  
A glittering draught, and in its crystal deep,  
By sage tradition of his fathers taught,  
He quickly steeped,  
Some withered herb;  
The potion offered to the stranger's mouth,  
Then careful not his pilgrim to disturb,  
Oped to the south,



The lattice bar ;

The wind came over the cheek so ghastly pale,  
Scented with clover from a field afar,  
Sweet to inhale.

The man revived,

And hastened on to reach his journey's end ;  
Yet looked to that sweet cottage where had  
thrived,  
His brother,—friend.

The sunset shed

Its lingering glories down the narrow lane,  
Around the cottage wove its golden thread,  
The lengthened pane.

'Tis thus the soul,

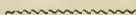
Threading life's journey, pauses for a while,  
And drinks by faith the love containing bowl ;  
The Saviour's smile,

But new prepares

The heartsick christian for his heavenward  
flight ;  
One draught of love his gloomy vision bares,  
And all is light.

## EPITAPH.

Some a similitude to childhood see,  
In vines which cling to a deeprooted tree ;  
Some in the rosebud infancy perceive,  
The bloom of beauty ushered from its leaves.  
The vine a serpent's covert may enclose,  
And thorns, deep piercing, lie beneath the rose ;  
She was the lily, type of purity,  
Swept by death's tide to glory's waveless sea,  
And then replanted by an angel hand,  
Bloomed in the gardens of the upper land.



## HYMN.

THE LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN DAILY MORE HEAVENLY.

The journeys that we make,  
If we on Jesus lean ;  
Shows light more glorious hourly break,  
Till Paradise is seen.

The higher we ascend,  
In our sincere delight,  
Sooner our pilgrimage will end,  
In glory's perfect light.

Corruption once put off,  
Our glory shall arrive ;  
No envious taunt, no bitter scoff,  
Shall with the Saviour live.

Along the bright ascent,  
Angels fresh strength afford ;  
Nor fail through all the road's extent,  
Till we behold our Lord.



## HYMN.

“THE WILL OF MY FATHER.”

“The will of my Father,” how joyous I hear,  
Unfettered by sorrow, unclouded by fear ;  
All sadness dispelling, it welcomes me home,  
No more from the confines of glory to roam.

“The will of my Father,” no sound is more sweet,  
As I gather with angels, and sing at His feet ;  
Joy rises o’er joy, and the waves of delight,  
Full, boundless, unceasing, bewilder my sight.

The will of my Father forbids me to dread,  
His love, ever faithful, has guarded my bed ;  
E’en now may I slumber embosomed in love,  
And wait to be with Him in glory above.

The will of my Father, it rests on my heart,  
Like the rainbow of promise, no more to depart ;  
Life’s sweetest allurements, so transient they  
    seem,  
Recede as a shadow, dissolve as a dream.

The will of my Father, it follows me still,  
I feel its kind impulse, I know 'tis *His* will;  
E'en life's stormy surges subside at His voice,  
And vales cold and cheerless grow bright and  
    rejoice.

The will of my Father disperseth the gloom,  
Drear, silent and chilling that hangs o'er the  
    tomb ;

The sunshine of glory beams bright o'er the sod,  
And welcomes the spirit at home to its God.

The will of my Father will lead me at last,  
The anguish and dangers of life overpast,  
To the mansions of happiness, ever to sing,  
Of the will of my Father, my Saviour and King.



## HYMN.

### ENMITY OF THE SINNER TO SAVING GRACE.

Soul ! why so steadfast in thy hate ?

Is Christ, the Saviour, so severe ;  
Ne'er will your enmity abate ?

Hast thou of God's fierce wrath no fear ?

Well might thou tremble but to think,

His will alone could fix your woe ;  
And cause your ruined soul to sink,  
Where streams of endless torment flow.

If He delays, 'tis but for time,  
 Eternity His power shall prove ;  
 Eternity that state and clime,  
 Of Saint's salvation, joy and love.

Soul ! the kind question here allow,—  
 Why a sad alien dost thou roam ?  
 There's mercy with the Father now,  
 And fullness of His joy at home.

Be but entreated to implore  
 His pardon and His saving grace ;  
 By faith thou shalt His love adore,  
 And see in heavenly courts His face.



# HYMN.

“ INTO THINE HAND I COMMIT MY SPIRIT.”

“ Into Thine hand my spirit I commit ! ”  
 Thus speaks the sinner on his bended knees ;  
 Visions of glory o'er his fancy flit,  
 And halo'd brows, and gentle forms he sees.

And thus he muses,—If His mighty hand,  
 Could thus create, should feeble, faltering I,  
 Refuse submission to His just command ?  
 There comes a season when this flesh must die ;

Ah ! then, to be estranged, to be cast out,  
 Soul, body, all I have, 'tis terrible ;  
 While gathering angels raise triumphant shout,  
 To be thrust down, and chained to deepest hell !

But no,—my spirit, I, obedient, place,  
Where powers of darkness mock it but in vain ;  
To die protected thus, (time flies apace,)  
Thus, (oh vain mortal read,) to die is gain !

Into Thine hand my spirit I commit,  
And rest by faith upon Thy love and power ;  
Assured Thou wilt my confidence requite,  
By Thy protection at death's awful hour.



### HYMN.

THE NAME OF JESUS EXALTED IN HEAVEN.

Of all illustrious names above,  
My Father's brightest shine ;  
His features and His garments love,  
And all His ways divine.

“ My Father,” oh what name below,  
Can rival once His praise ;  
Or 'mid the world's illusive show,  
Such glorious emblems raise.

He binds His people to His cause,  
By love, unwearied long ;  
His kindness our devotion draws,  
By energy as strong.

Thou great Creator, take and wear,  
Thy titles and Thy crown ;  
Nor hell with all its fury dare,  
To pluck Thy glory down.

## HYMN.

## THE SINNER'S WANDERINGS.

Upon a lovely mountain's side,  
A shepherd's flock was seen ;  
A rill its beauty strove to hide,  
Beneath the trailing green.

The shepherd every smiling morn,  
With crook in hand went out ;  
Crushed to the ground each troubling thorn,  
And led his lambs about.

All peaceful was the shepherd's lot,  
Until one pleasant noon,  
A lamb the friendly flock forgot,  
And would have perished soon ;

But the kind shepherd tracked the way,  
The bleating wanderer went ;  
Down steep declivities it lay,  
Around deep gulfs it bent.

At early dawn the lamb was found,  
Brought to the waiting fold,  
But in its side a ghastly wound,  
A tale of suffering told.

Restored to safety and to rest,  
It crops the herbage round ;  
Or slumbers in the shepherd's breast,  
Or at his feet is found.

Thus, sadly thus do sinners stray,  
'Till Christ their steps pursues;  
Restores them to His happy way,  
His pledge of love renews.

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## EPITAPH.

His voyage 's over ;—past ! the fearful gale,  
The night of danger, and the piercing wail,  
The streaming canvass, and the shattered hull,  
The high wind roaring, and the sudden lull,  
The rolling sea, the rocky coast, all dark,  
Concealing vengeance to the driven barque.  
The harbor entered, now the vessel's safe  
Where no storm threatens, and no surges chafe,  
And the clear sunshine of eternity,  
Forever darting, gilds the beauteous sea.  
Praise to the pilot, Jesus, who didst guide,  
The vessel home, through tempest and through  
tide.



## SONNET.

“FEAR GOD.”

In this lies wisdom, beauty, hope, and strength,  
The meek submission which a child accedes ;  
The confidence which calmly sees at length,  
The promise realized whereon it feeds.  
No longer Jesus in the garden pleads  
For full exemption from the bitter pang,  
Nor the rude soldiers mock as He expires ;  
No shouts of revelry, no hammer's clang  
Prolong the agony which death inspires.  
Jesus has died, ascended ; from His Throne  
The humble students of His will surveys ;  
Those, only those, He deigns to call His own,  
Who fear the Lord, and to His love alone,  
Present the tribute of their humble praise.

## HYMN.

## THE PROTECTION OF GOD OVER HIS PEOPLE.

Silence, ye sinners, here attend,  
The wisdom of your heavenly friend ;  
Wait while He whispers by His Son,  
Sweet benedictions for you won.

“ Behold ! my glory is my love !  
My greatest glory rules above,  
For there my strong affections spread,  
And all accursed powers are dead.

“ Jesus, who suffered mortal pains,  
Your dangerous suffering restrains ;  
He proved the penalty of sin,  
That He might your recovery win.

“ Are you afflicted ? So was He,  
Poor also ! great His poverty ;  
By sinners scorned ! His portion such ;  
Your peril mighty ! His as much.

“ But I, His Father, and your own,  
Left Him, and leave you not alone ;  
I hold the keys of death and hell,  
And kingdoms build, and rebels quell.

“ Surely while power and glory's mine,  
Love as enduring shall combine,  
My sons to perfect joy to bring,  
To see and love their Helper, King.”

## HYMN.

## THE RASHNESS OF IMPENITENCE.

Reckless of ruin rush we on,  
By Satan urged below ;  
Oh ! that mankind, ere hope is gone,  
Their danger hence would know.

Swift as a charger to the war,  
Our rapid feet impel,  
To sin,—when lo ! our stations are  
Just on the brink of hell.

Prone to indulgence and deceit,  
Our souls to lust are given,  
If vile impurity is sweet,  
Ah ! how unlike to heaven.

Is there no rescue for the race,  
No remedy for sin ?  
Yes in the power of pardoning grace,  
And mercy shed within.

This grace cannot perform her work,  
If pride preserves her sway ;  
If in my soul this curse should lurk,  
Its strength, dear Jesus, slay.

## HYMN.

## CHRIST'S LOVE UNBOUNDED.

Jesus ! in Thy abyss of love,  
My soul would plunge and lie ;  
Fed from the living spring above,  
It longs to heaven to fly.

It longs to bathe its drooping wing,  
Full in Thy glory fair ;  
And Thy successive mercies sing,  
With clustering angels there.

Say shall it droop away from light,  
Away from glory too ?  
Excluded from the high delight,  
Which seraphim pursue ?

Oh waft it to Thy glorious throne,  
The centre of Thy praise ;  
Let love's ennobling, blissful tone,  
Sound through its happy lays.

## HYMN.

## THE CHURCH'S POWER AND BEAUTY.

Zion ! how beauteous are  
Thy walls with glory crowned ;  
Thy bulwarks glisten from afar,  
And guard the chosen ground.

God is a refuge sweet,  
Known through thy sacred hill ;  
He can refresh the weary feet,  
The soul ahungered, fill.

Nations Thy heights survey,  
And kings with wonder view ;  
Islands Thy pleasing voice obey,  
And yield their homage too.

God will Thy honour keep,  
Thy palaces defend ;  
Zion ! no more repine or weep,  
Sustained by such a friend.

## HYMN.

## JESUS THE SHEPHERD OF HIS PEOPLE.

Shepherd of Israel, lead and keep,  
Thy faithful children as Thy sheep ;  
By blest instruction and restraints,  
Control and edify Thy saints.

They wander through a stranger's land,  
They need the guidance of Thy hand ;  
Afflictions crowd their lengthened road,  
Succeed them with Thy joy, oh God.

Satan prepares some new deceit,  
So that he may their woe complete ;  
The adversary of the race,  
Shall shrink if Thou unveil'st Thy face.

Tears, groans, and sighs they shall exchange,  
For praises as through heaven they range ;  
And each aggrieving danger die,  
Before thy glorious throne on high.

## HYMN.

## COMING TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Come to the Cross in prayer : a suppliant thou,  
Before the suffering Saviour humbly bow ;  
Implore His pity as He calmly dies,  
Perhaps He will command thee to the skies.

Come to the Cross in faith, the blood that flows,  
Can cleanse thy guilt, can palliate thy woes ;  
Believe, and angels shall thy footsteps guard,  
Though trooping sins surround and press thee  
hard.

Come to the Cross in love ; thus wilt thou find,  
The Saviour always, sweet, sincere, and kind ;  
Willing to bless thee as thou dost require,  
With faith, with fervent zeal, with holy fire.

Come to the Cross in joy ; know that the Lord,  
Can present peace, and future bliss afford ;  
The blood that trickles o'er His pallid face,  
Bears on its crimson drops supplies of grace.

Come to the Cross, while Jesus calls thee there,  
His grace in fullness, hope of glory share ;  
In prayer, faith, love, and joy, dear sinner, come,  
Find in Christ's bosom, rest,—in heaven thy  
home.

## HYMN.

## THE LAND OF BLESSEDNESS.

Land of my Father, God,  
Climate of joy supreme,  
Strand by immortal footsteps trod,  
Be my immortal theme.

Fain would I join Thy choir,  
With heavenly fervor high ;  
And ne'er permit my song expire,  
Its rippling music die.

Oh, how I long to go,  
Enjoy what faith foretells,  
The compass of that glory know,  
Where God, my Saviour, dwells.

I hasten, yet I wait ;  
When will the music come,  
Fresh from the flashing pearly gate,  
To win the wanderer home.

Jehovah ! speed the hour,  
That brings my soul release ;  
Approve me through Thy love and power,  
Grant to my spirit peace.



## HYMN.

## LAMENTING OVER DEPARTURE FROM GOD.

Father ! Thee how oft I leave,  
Oft Thy counsels I forget ;  
Oft Thy yearning love I grieve ;  
Dost Thou, canst Thou love me yet.

Once I left Thy happy doors,  
From thy precepts went astray ;  
Pleasures on forbidden shores,  
There beguiled my feet away.

While I wandered from Thy house,  
Darkness came upon my path ;  
Tempests did the air arouse ;  
Were they messengers of wrath ?

Sweetly did the storm subside,  
Then the rainbow spanned the sky ;  
Mercy called me to Thy side,  
Could I from Thy mercy fly ?

True ! this was a Father's love,  
Never has it failed to me ;  
Jesus ! in Thy house above,  
Let my soul its glory see.

## HYMN.

CHRIST'S BLOOD, THE SINNER'S RANSOM.

Freedom in Jesus! brightest gem,  
That burns in God's great diadem ;  
Sin's fatal conquests forged our chain,  
And prompted every inward pain.

'Tis Thy exclusive gift, oh, God,  
Thou breakest the oppressor's rod ;  
Thy heavenly attributes combine,  
To prove the blessing all divine.

Ere we conceived our depth of woe,  
Thou didst our dreadful danger know ;  
And while we captives helpless wept,  
Thy angels our protection kept.

Now we are happy in Thy love,  
Now we expect to dwell above ;  
We have a father's house, (how blest,)  
And soon shall there rejoice and rest.

## HYMN.

## THE MAJESTY OF JEHOVAH.

Jehovah wide proclaims His power,  
Be still, ye creatures of an hour,  
Look to the Lord, preserve and show,  
The wonders of His power below.

Heaven is His throne, whence His commands,  
Fly steady to far distant lands ;  
Ye kingdoms who dispute his word,  
Shall bow submissive to the Lord.

His graceful sceptre formed of love,  
Sways fully all the powers above ;  
His sons most glorious stand in awe,  
Before the justice of His law.

The sea He measures with His hand,  
And marks the limit of the land ;  
Our God requires no place of rest,  
Since He of all things is possest.

God, great and mighty, loves the heart,  
Where meek contrition holds a part ;  
To such his face in kindness turns,  
While He rebelling sinners spurns.

The glory of his saints, how great,  
There at his banquet board to wait ;  
How bright the splendours of their brow,  
Who stand with Christ in glory now.

## HYMN.

JESUS REQUESTING THE SINNER'S DEVOTION.

“ Give me Thine heart,” is God’s request,  
Help me, dear Saviour, to comply ;  
Honour and comfort, joy and rest,  
Within His sweet acceptance lie.

Ah, how degraded was my state,  
When Jesus to restore me came ;  
How patient did His mercy wait,  
To pluck me from my woe and shame.

My God redeemed me by His grace,  
Or I had been a soul undone ;  
Then in His house prepared a place,  
To worship and to praise His Son.

My soul accept ; it shall be Thine ;  
Lord, on the bosom of Thy love,  
Let it eternally recline ;  
That is the sweetest spot above.

## HYMN.

## THE DAY OF SALVATION.

Faintly o'er the eastern hills,  
Breaks salvation's beauteous day ;  
All the plain with glory fills,  
Born of heaven's eternal ray.  
Happy morning, sweet delight,  
After long and starless night.

Far the rising light is seen,  
Distant valleys raise their tune ;  
Mountains that ascend between,  
Learn the living anthem soon ;  
Sing salvation's rapturous strain,  
Man's release from woe and pain.

Angels hear, and hearing, praise,  
Seraphs catch the heavenly fire ;  
Mingle with our mortal lays,  
Music of their sweetest lyre ;  
O'er the happy hills above,  
Wanders Christ's immortal love.

Sinners who in bondage lie,  
From your fearful chains awake ;  
Crowns are held for you on high,  
Jesus would your bondage break.  
Wake, (salvation's light doth rise,)  
To the glory of the skies.

## HYMN.

## THE SOUL, OF ETERNAL VALUE.

Say, should my soul be lost,  
And the whole world my gain,  
What could compensate for the cost,  
Her never ending pain.

And may the sinner lose,  
The prospects angels prize ?  
Yes, if persisting to refuse,  
The mercies of the skies.

To forfeit life and peace,  
In death and darkness dwell,  
And fly at nature's last release,  
To the long pains of hell !

How dreadful is the thought !  
That souls should purchase woe ;  
And find the trembling ruin brought,  
Upon their hopes below.

It is not now too late,  
To be through Christ forgiven ;  
To-morrow may obstruct the gate,  
And bar your soul from heaven.

## HYMN.

GOD'S PROMISES UNAFFECTED BY THE LAPSE OF AGES.

God will be gracious, as of old,  
To such as in His name rejoice ;  
Though sinners in aversion bold,  
Abhor the beauty of His voice.

How can He fail of all He swears,  
He is eternal and supreme ;  
Man is a creature checked by cares,  
And evanescent as a dream.

“Be strong,” Jehovah says, “and love ;”  
The Christian's hope His hand supplies ;  
The strength which cometh from above,  
Declares its origin,—the skies.

Ye weak and wayward in the flesh,  
God and the Saviour hold your aid ;  
They will your soul with joy refresh,  
There let your faith and hopes be laid.

## HYMN.

FAITHFULNESS TO THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Faithful to Jesus, oh Saviour, forever  
I'll worship and serve Thee, and sing of Thy  
fame ;  
Not kingdoms or crowns my affections shall  
sever,  
From Thy precious gospel, Thy ransoming  
name.

Faithful to Jesus ! so gentle, so pleasing,  
He paid the full debt of my terrible sin ;  
And while His blest blood my rash soul was  
releasing,  
His love, flowed endearing, my hope to begin.

Faithful to Jesus ! e'en at this calm hour,  
I flourish and feast on His faith and His love ;  
I praise, but how faintly, the merciful power,  
That points my weak eye to the pleasures  
above.

Faithful to Jesus ! I pledged at His altar,  
To live for His honour, His glory, His praise ;  
But burdened by fears from within, oft I falter,  
And scarcely one song to redemption I raise.

Faithful to Jesus ! There's rich consolation,  
Spread out on the page of His promising word ;  
There's pardon, and mercy, and peace, and  
salvation,  
To all who by faith do accept of the Lord.



## HYMN.

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”

Love one another,  
Jesus commands ;  
Child, husband, brother,  
Love each demands.

Love can support me  
Sinking in pain ;  
Love can exalt me  
To joy again.

Love is redeeming,  
Never confined ;  
Pleasant its gleaming,  
To the dark mind.

In the soul's prison,  
Stealeth its ray,  
Soon as 'tis risen,  
Fetters decay.

Love will enlighten,  
Bosoms opprest ;  
Languid hopes brighten,  
Worn hearts give rest.

Love is the day-star,  
Marking the road ;  
Heaven's bright messenger,  
Leading,—to God.

## HYMN.

THE CARE OF JESUS THE PROTECTION OF HIS CHURCH.

Thou who to journeying Israel gave,  
The lustre of Thy guardian love,  
From tumults and oppressions save,  
Nor from Thy church Thy care remove.

Subdue by grace the furious will,  
The oil of gentle mercy pour ;  
Each heart with kind compassion fill,  
That all may Thy free grace adore.

Make glorious Thy temple's aisles,  
Thy stately steppings here make known ;  
Beam on each heart Thy gracious smiles,  
That they may praise Thee, God, alone.

And when this temple's gate they leave,  
To scenes more glorious may they soar ;  
Where sin ne'er enters to deceive,  
And sorrow is endured no more.

## HYMN.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL PROPER PLEASURES.

Joy, strength and mercy, all are Thine,  
My Father, and my King ;  
My gratitude and love combine,  
Thy character to sing.

Thy presence is perpetual bliss,  
To souls who taste Thy love ;  
They shall advance in holiness,  
To perfect peace above.

Thy grace abounding, rich and free,  
The soul in grief sustains ;  
And every danger that we see,  
Declares Thy mercy reigns.

So may Thy presence and Thy grace,  
Thy lovely will perform ;  
So may the lustre of Thy face,  
Disperse each threatening storm.

Then at the last, momentous hour,  
Surround my soul with peace ;  
And in the glory of Thy power,  
Bid all my tremblings cease.

## HYMN.

## ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Father, how gracious, gentle, good,  
Thus to restore my strength ;  
And on Thy love's sufficient food,  
To bear my soul at length.

As plants that blossom in the vale,  
A gentler beauty own,  
Than those which feel the mountain gale,  
Sweep o'er their bed of stone.

And from their very lowliness  
Doth sweeter airs ascend,  
Than those which rougher winds caress,  
And ruder breezes bend.

So, Jesus, may my humble lot,  
Be lightened by Thy love ;  
I know on earth it faileth not ;  
It ne'er shall fail above.

## THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Sweet solace of ages ! I cling to thee still,  
Though dark clouds have threatened, and breezes  
grown chill ;

My soul owns no fetter, yet mercy has bound,  
Thy loveliest precepts my heart-strings around.

Bright link of the past with the present ! in  
thee,

Old faces long buried I transiently see ;  
Who bent with anxiety over each page,  
To seek consolation for languishing age.

Though torn be thy cover, and blistered thy  
leaf,

With tears of contrition, repentance and grief :  
Yet holy remembrance illumines thee more,  
Than diamonds gathered from Golconda's shore.

Dear herald of mercy ! when loud thunders break,  
When winds roar in fury, and strong mountains  
shake,

Thy hymn of salvation, by seraphim sung,  
Falls sweetly, serenely, the wild waves among.

Sweet solace of ages ! I'll cherish thee still,  
'Till death's icy fetters my life current chill ;  
Then ransomed, ennobled, I'll sing to His praise,  
Who gave thee, in mercy, to brighten my days.

## HYMN.

## PRAISE FOR THE JOYS OF SALVATION.

Let all the subjects of thy love,  
Thy saving mercy sing ;  
And for salvation's joys above,  
Their sweetest praises bring.

Now may oppression break her bands,  
And tremble at Thy word ;  
While justice clothed with vengeance stands,  
To vindicate her Lord.

Thy precious word, Thy holy law,  
Instruct Thy servants well ;  
But sinners thence their sentence draw,  
To bitter pangs in hell.

God of the Prophets, blest of old,  
Thou art our Father still ;  
And while Thy promises we hold,  
We shall perform Thy will.

But may this blest remembrance live,  
By grace, in every breast ;  
Thou only canst assistance give,  
To help us on to rest.

## HYMN.

## THE COMPASSION OF JESUS.

Jesus, the everlasting God,  
From glory came to men ;  
Lo ! in His hand no scourging rod,  
No royal sceptre then.

He came to die upon the cross,—  
The wonderful decree !  
To willingly restore our loss,  
And set us, captives, free.

Nature bewailed her suffering Lord,  
In darkness and in gloom ;  
Earth did her sympathy record,  
As Jesus neared the tomb.

Sweet hallelujahs joyful sing,  
Since Jesus Christ was given ;  
He is our faith, our joy, our King,  
Shall be at last our heaven.

## HYMN.

## THE RAPTURES OF ETERNITY.

Ye mortals, now rejoice,  
The Saviour is your King;  
Let Zion's rich, melodious voice,  
Her builder's glory sing.  
From east to west, His praise,  
Like morning dew doth rise,  
His fair, effulgent banners blaze,  
Along the glittering skies.

Jehovah speaks His grace,  
From the smooth plains above;  
Saints catch some glory from His face,  
Some fervor from His love.  
They cherish with delight,  
His counsels and his will;  
Soon to behold, in raiment bright,  
His chosen, happy hill.

Soon Christ shall call their feet,  
Beside His throne to stand;  
Soon, Angels with rejoicings sweet,  
Their souls in glory land.  
Then music, garland, crown,  
Shall to those saints be given,  
And every earthly trouble drown,  
In perfect joy of heaven.



## HYMN.

ALL THINGS ARE TO GOD VISIBLE.

All, all things from His throne on high,  
The great, eternal Lord surveys ;  
Nations stand naked to His eye,  
Their loftiest grandeur to His gaze.

None are too abject of the race,  
For Jesus to regard or know ;  
None are too noble for His grace,  
To gather and to guide below.

Shall I endeavor to explore,  
Salvation's splendid mysteries ?  
Rather let me that love adore,  
That hides those wonders from our eyes.

Unsearchable that love must be,  
Because eternal life is there ;  
Yea, it shall fill eternity,  
Nor ages, its sweet strength impair.

## HYMN.

NECESSITY OF SEEKING GOD'S LOVE SINCERELY.

Lord ! unto Thee I lift my voice,  
Consent to hear my cry ;  
In thy dear love I would rejoice,  
Do not that love deny.

Have mercy, large, abundant, free,  
On all who need Thy grace ;  
But who more needful, Lord, than me,  
Of all the wretched race.

Pride and contempt disturb my peace,  
And cause my soul alarm ;  
With Thee is riches, and release,  
From every mortal harm.

The more I dwell upon Thy love,  
The more its power I know ;  
Happy must be the saints above,  
If such my joy below.

## HYMN.

THE SAINT SAFE 'MID EVERY TRIAL AND ALARM.

Safety and peace surround Thy saints,  
Who daily seek, dear Lord, thy face ;  
Their souls, though weary, shall not faint,  
But find refreshment in Thy grace.

They climb the Pisgah-height, to view  
The land of glory and delight ;  
Each morning shows some beauty new,  
Some later blessedness, the night.

Thus, though, in bondage, they rejoice,  
In prospect of salvation free ;  
How sweet, how musical, their voice,  
Such should the saint's rejoicings be.

No violence, nor dread, nor noise,  
Breaks the serenity of rest ;  
God, their afflicting foes destroys,  
To everlasting, they are blest.

## HYMN.

CHRIST, AND HIS HONOUR PRECIOUS TO THE FATHER.

What are our honors, great and high,  
When held in contrast to Thy name ;  
Thou, whose eternal throne 's the sky,  
To day, forever more the same.

Eternity ! the subject 's vast,  
Yet comprehensible to Thee ;  
Things present, things to come, things past,  
Thou dost in clearest order see.

The floods, in solemn cadence speak,  
The mighty grandeur of Thy power ;  
The flowers, in form and feature meek,  
Make mention of Thy love each hour.

But without pardon through Thy son,  
We sinners well might dread to die ;  
Yes, dread to live, with wrath alone  
Still hanging o'er us from on high.

Now are salvation's joys secure,  
Thou God, the holy honour's Thine ;  
Thy love, Thy promises are sure,  
Thy love makes every promise mine.

## MORNING HYMN.

Father ! we rise to bless,  
Thy plenitude and grace ;  
That fed with joy our weariness,  
To fresh pursue life's race.

Through the dark night, we shared,  
The shelter of Thy love ;  
No piercing pain, no danger dared,  
The sweet defence remove.

How noble was Thy power,  
To favor mortals so ;  
To thus provide a healthful bower,  
Where frames fatigued may go.

Oh ! may we always taste,  
When on our bed we lie,  
That life is not an arid waste,  
Since Jesus is so nigh

Father ! direct our feet,  
Through all remaining days ;  
May all our acts Thy love repeat,  
And all our heart be praise.

## HYMN.

THE LOVE OF JESUS STILL OFFERED TO THE UNTHANKFUL.

Why am I still within the reach,  
Of a Redeemer's love ?  
Surely such grace my soul should teach,  
To lift her hopes above.

Still I am lingering 'neath the bow,  
Of promise set on high ;  
Permitted to observe and know,  
His hand, his friendship nigh.

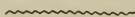
And am I still inclined to sin ?  
Still do I mock His word ?  
Cannot such gentle mercy win  
My soul to love the Lord ?

How obdurate this heart must be,  
Its enmity how deep,  
Or it would there His glory see,  
And here His precepts keep.

Since Jesus still his love extends,  
O let me grasp that love ;  
And prize the messages He sends,  
Commanding me above.

## EPITAPH.

“Mother embrace me,” was His last request,  
And thus he died upon his mother’s breast ;  
But sweeter far, oh state of loftier charms,  
He died enfolded by his Saviour’s arms.  
When Jesus gives we for continuance pray,  
Should we not bless Him though He takes away?



## THE RIVULET.

In a grassy dell a rivulet strayed,  
And the nodding crest of each quivering blade,  
Bent lowly down to bestow a kiss,  
On the current’s face, or impart a bliss,  
Which truest friends, in a custom sweet,  
Derive from each other as oft they meet.  
A kiss was all, and the stream swept by  
With its lustre and its melody.

I looked, behold, the channel was bare,  
And the noonday sun with appalling glare,  
Had shrivelled the flowers, and withered the  
grass,  
And turned the depths to a dark morass.  
And swarming reptiles crawled around,  
And tracked with their slime the fetid ground.  
Methought the rivulet well portrayed,  
True virtue as in beauty it strayed,  
And the path of horrid vice was seen,  
In the dark morass and sedgy green.

## HYMN.

## TRANQUIL DEPARTURE.

How beautiful the daylight dies.  
Down in the crimsoned west,  
While the soft clouds that skirt the skies,  
Receive it on their breast.

Then, gently wafting farther still,  
It tranquilly departs ;  
Far over airy plain and hill,  
Its lingering glory darts.

Thus let me die, while pinions fair  
Assemble to convey,  
Gently through gilded fields of air,  
My tranquil soul away.

And up my track love's crimson cloud,  
Wafted from glory roll,  
'Till on the peaks of Eden proud,  
It set my raptured soul.



## HYMN.

## THE SINNER'S ESTIMATION OF HIS SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Dear Jesus, I esteem Thy love,  
My glory here, my joy above ;  
Though bound in chains of grief, I lie,  
I share Thy glory in the sky.

Yes, if attached to Thy dear name,  
I'll count as nothing curse and shame ;  
But with the ransomed of the race,  
Run the blest road of joy and grace.

Thy counsels shall instruct my feet,  
Thy statutes are like honey,—sweet ;  
Wisdom and honour crown Thy brow,  
And sweet hosannas greet Thee now.

Yes ! 'tis the wonder of Thy grace,  
That sinners may behold Thy face ;  
Oh, how ungrateful is the heart,  
That can from such dear love depart.

## HYMN.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD KNOWN IN HIS WORKS.

Behold ! how wonderful His works,  
From whom creation's glories came ;  
No terror through their windings lurks,  
The Lord, our Righteousness, His name.

The glorious grandeur of the sky,  
Was fashioned by His mighty hand ;  
And each intelligence on high,  
Is subject to His wise command.

Hermon refreshed by dazzling dew,  
Is too inferior for His throne ;  
Jerusalem, though fair to view,  
He will not for His temple own.

His praise is in the spirit meek ;  
His worship, the repentant prayer ;  
Such as the Saviour choose to seek,  
Shall find His constant presence there.

## HYMN.

## FORGIVENESS IN CHRIST.

Jesus is instant to forgive,  
Why distant from his mercy live?  
But one kind Saviour has been given,  
To guide our tottering feet to heaven.

“Look unto me,” is Christ’s request,  
Comply, and be completely blest;  
Grace in profusion there is given,  
Our solace to the gates of heaven.

And while we journey, hope is shed,  
On every drooping heart and head;  
Oh, what an earnest thus is given,  
Of our eternal peace in heaven!

Now we arrive and are set down,  
The heirs of glory and a crown;  
Our songs in sweetest volume given,  
Because we are secure in heaven.

## HYMN.

TRANQUILITY SOOTHING TO THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.

The silence of Thy holy place,  
How soothing to the worried breast ;  
Sorrow, beyond those precincts stays,  
And mercy sanctifies that rest.

In smooth tranquillity he sits,  
And watches for some glorious sign ;  
How swiftly each sweet moment flits,  
While faith's rich pleasures rise divine.

To contemplate the things above,  
And partial glories there survey ;  
To linger at the throne of love,  
And long with those delights to stay :

These make the moments swiftly flow,  
Thus joy in fast recurrence flies ;  
But when set free from earth, we know  
Our joy's forever in the skies.

## HYMN.

“THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.”

How sweet to my ear is that message from glory,  
The Saviour hath sent it to brighten my lot;  
'Tis the same that was given to Patriarchs hoary,  
'Tis beautiful still, sung in palace or cot.

Embalmed in the Bible, a great consolation,  
Flows out to the heart that delights in its truth,  
'Tis the harbinger fair of a promised salvation,  
As lovely to manhood as blithe, rosy youth.

“The Lord is my Shepherd,”—His flock he is  
leading,  
Through temptation, swamps, to His love-guarded  
fold,  
Where the sheep of His mercy, securely are  
feeding,  
And the wolf, Persecution, no longer is bold.

From the valley, He leads His meek lambs to  
the mountain,  
Where the river of life gushes out from its side;  
A cooling, refreshing, perennial, bright foun-  
tain,  
Giving strength to the flock which partakes of  
its tide.

That flock ! see it struggles,—it climbs,—oh, it  
reaches,  
The broad table-land of fruition above ;  
And Jesus, the Shepherd, each timid lamb  
teaches,  
By the peace which He gives, the great depths  
of His love.



## HYMN.

THANKS FOR THE REDEMPTION PURCHASED AT CALVARY.

“Blessed be God,” let sinners cry,  
Who feel His love within,  
A balm for every malady,  
A sure relief for sin.

Satan induced them to repel  
God’s proffered mercy, long;  
Each step they took, increased the spell,  
And made the slavery strong.

Blind and beguiled, they wandered forth,  
Reckless of God and man ;  
To breathe along the mourning earth,  
Sin’s most terrific ban.

A light from glory filled their way ;  
A voice like that which came,  
Saul’s persecuting hand to stay,  
Called each bold rebel’s name.

Whence came the light, and whence the call?  
Jesus, the question solved ;  
Love, mercy, peace, flowed forth to all,  
Around each heart revolved.

“Blessed be God,” they shout, and sing ;  
Nor will they entertain,  
The smallest insult to their King,  
To spoil His holy reign.



## HYMN.

## THE SOUL AWAKENED.

The night hung dark above the rocking mast,  
Black billows roaring, rushed the vessel past ;  
And lurid lightning seething in the wave,  
Showed in the deep, a yawning, foam-lashed cave.

No star, no compass, sails to ribbons torn,  
On stranger-waves at accident quick borne ;  
Now some tall billow tossed it to the sky,  
While the frail vessel reeled in agony.

No star, no moon,—night's unembellished pall,  
Stretched eastward, westward, drooping over all ;  
While spar and bulwark, driven by the sea,  
Danced on the surges in wild revelry.

The crash of thunder in the threatening clouds,  
Leapt from its birth place to the quivering shrouds ;  
The distant muttering of the breakers thrilled,  
To wild alarm, to sullen horror chilled.

But morning opened ; on the vessel's side,  
A form appeared, the sea, the storm to chide ;  
That driven vessel was my trembling soul,  
That form was Jesus, who observed the whole.

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### HYMN.

#### CONSECRATION TO THE SERVICE OF GOD.

The seal is set, my soul I give,  
Eternal God, to Thee ;  
To serve Thy purpose while I live,  
And thy co-worker be.

Send from Thy mercy-seat, the grace  
That strengthens and sustains ;  
Lest I should stumble in the race,  
And perish 'neath its pains.

The Holy Comforter bestow,  
Here let His power abide ;  
And as I to new duties go,  
Be present at my side.

The sweetness of a Saviour's love,  
May it constrain my heart ;  
And daily, from its source above,  
New energy impart.

Then, Lord, through all my service here,  
Thy holy help I'll sing ;  
And when in glory I appear,  
Shall sweetest praises bring.



## HYMN.

## HEAVEN FREE FROM DEATH AND SORROW.

We seek a country, deathless, free,  
Whose situation saints may see ;  
On either side, from all around,  
Sweet odors rise, sweet praises sound.

Jehovah, there, is not ashamed,  
To be by His true servants named ;  
He lov'd them while they walked beneath,  
And dearly cherished them in death.

That which we need, He will afford,  
Because He is our gracious Lord ;  
The boundaries of that dear land,  
Were fixed by His own glorious hand.

We are but pilgrims, strangers, here,  
In heaven we shortly shall appear,  
And, introduced to that dear clime,  
Bid farewell to the things of time.

## HYMN.

## FAITH.

Faith is the cordial of the heart,  
Faith quickens each reluctant part ;  
Faith animates, sustains, revives,  
On Faith the sinking spirit thrives.

Faith draws the cloud which hangs between  
The things perceived and unseen ;  
Peers in the glories known above,  
Bathes in the ocean of His love.

Faith comforts Hope, twin sister true,  
Brings stores of gospel wealth to view ;  
Mounts on an angel's circling wing,  
Swift to the palace of her King.

Hope, without Faith, decays and dies,  
Relinquishes her heavenly prize ;  
Vain treasures of the world below,  
Amuse her with their dazzling show.

Hope, without Jesus, is a name,  
A lamp unkindled by a flame,  
A flower, no fragrance has possessed,  
A bird, without its down-walled nest :

A wave, whose crest is froth and foam,  
A traveller, without friends or home,  
A vapor tossed upon the air,  
A tree, of fruit and foliage bare.

Faith is the avenue to bliss ;  
They who seek others walk amiss ;  
The passage, Christ hath signified,  
Though fools its narrow path deride.

Faith, (Christ supported,) calmly goes,  
Up with the saint to his repose ;  
Associate, how lovely, pure !  
Her crowning glory, oh how sure.

Grant, precious Saviour, that I may,  
Pursue with love this narrow way,  
Lay in the grave my armour down,  
To wear a faithful warrior's crown.

## HYMN.

## GOD'S ASSURANCES AND PROMISES.

Father ! who shall behold Thy face,  
Who shall Thy glory share ?  
“ They who delighted in My grace,  
They shall in truth be there.

“ Dost thou not know, oh man, my love  
Is faithful, rich and free ;  
And while my kingdom stands above,  
They shall rejoice in me ?

“ Lest some dear tempted saint should slip,  
The Comforter I send ;  
He doth the language of each lip,  
Each open act attend.

“ He softens and persuades the heart,  
When pains and griefs abound ;  
Prevents unfriendly fears to start,  
Unfriendly sighs to sound.

“ In my good time their souls I bring,  
When mortal nature dies,  
Where saints in upper glory sing,  
And airs celestial rise.”

## HYMN.

## FOREVER.

Forever ! who shall sound the sea  
Of infinite immensity ?  
What eye excursive can explore  
The windings of that awful shore ?

Forever ! theme immensely great !  
Who may the mystery relate,  
And all its hidden wonders know,  
The height of glory, depth of woe.

Forever ! in the home on high,  
More glorious than the glittering sky ;  
Or with accursed fiends to dwell,  
Chained in the prison-house of hell.

Forever ! Jesus, guide my feet,  
That death may prove a change most sweet,  
And I, emancipated, find,  
My Saviour, God, forever kind.

## HYMN.

## THE SPLENDOURS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

Lord ! we have heard, we here proclaim,  
The glory of Thy state, Thy name ;  
In grandeur and in beauty rise,  
Thy stately splendours to the skies.

How happy must Thy angels be,  
Who Thy surpassing honours see ;  
And in the brightness of Thy hand,  
Clothed with eternal beauty stand.

There they recite, and far convey,  
The joy of that salubrious day,  
Around Thy throne, before Thy feet,  
A large, adoring, army meet.

Such loveliness Thy saints shall wear,  
When they behold and praise Thee there ;  
Such bliss shall circle those above,  
The children of Thy earthly love.

HYMN.

THE WATERS OF SALVATION FREE AND INVITING.

Come to the waters of His love,  
 Here like a river see it roll ;  
 Its source of purity's above,  
 Its subject every human soul.

Why will you tarry by the way,  
 And nature's poisoned waters lave ;  
 Your soul, oh sinner, will you slay,  
 And sin's eternal anguish brave ?

The Spirit calls you by His grace,  
 The gentle Saviour says, "oh come ;"  
 And God, with kind and lovely face,  
 Sends messengers to win you home.

There is no home, secluded, sweet,  
 No spot of comfort and repose,  
 But pardon at His mercy seat,  
 And full deliverance from His foes.

## HYMN.

## LONGING FOR THE SERVICES OF THE SANCTUARY.

O Lord of Hosts, supremely high,  
The glory of the sea and sky ;  
Here my soul longeth, yea it faints,  
For the communion of Thy saints.

What grateful pleasures gush and fill  
Thy happy courts on Zion's hill ;  
How strong Thy weakest people prove,  
When they partake of holy love.

Blessings spring up and wander wide,  
Where God hath chosen to abide ;  
He fixes His eternal rest,  
'Mong those of faith and love possess.

How wonderful His love to man !  
Perfection marks the gracious plan ;  
Here may the sinner come and know,  
Pleasures from piety which flow.



## THE GREAT JOURNEY.

There's a journey to all who have sprung from  
the dust,

Not glory, or grandeur, or titles august,  
Or princely domains, or dominions of gold,  
Or wealth in the pride of inheritance bold,  
Or valiant achievements, or conquests, or fame,  
Or victories bloody, or whirlwinds of flame,  
Can save from the penalty, deaden the pang,  
Which always around this one journey must hang.  
One journey to all, which each sinner must tread,  
It leads to the silent abodes of the dead.

The journey of death ! should we tread it aright?  
'Tis the vestibule dim of a temple of light,  
Where angels, archangels, and saints justified,  
Along the cool galleries, ceaselessly glide ;  
'Tis the entrance to glory ; we cannot attain  
The rapture extended on heaven's bright plain ;  
We cannot ascend those high mountains of bliss,  
Where breezes of Eden Christ's ransomed ones  
kiss ;

We cannot see Jesus unless we pass through,  
This road which commands an eternity-view ;  
The journey accomplished, lo ! nothing remains,  
But happiness high as eternity's strains.

## HYMN.

## THE LONG SUFFERING KINDNESS OF JEHOVAH.

Touch Thou my lips that I may speak,  
The wonders of Thy truth aloud ;  
Comfort and mercy to the meek,  
But dark destruction to the proud.

Thou art a God of righteousness,  
Sin is offensive in Thy sight ;  
Thou canst not the offender bless,  
Or view his trespass with delight.

'Tis of Thy mercy sinners stand ;  
Oh how amazing is Thy grace ;  
One blow of Thy almighty hand,  
Would blast to utter woe our race.

Create a purer heart within ;  
Restore my spirit to Thy love ;  
Cleanse me from trespasses and sin,  
Remove me to Thy rest above.

HYMN.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE SOUL THROUGH DANGERS.

Preserved from peril, woe, and harm,  
 This day I unto sinners prove,  
 The power of Thy protecting arm,  
 The constancy of Thy dear love.

Each pleasure that engaged my heart,  
 Might have contributed my pain ;  
 My God, how very kind Thou art,  
 And I, ungentle, false, and vain.

This moment doth declare Thy grace,  
 And witnesses Thy love abroad ;  
 In each occurrence may I trace,  
 The tender mercies of my God.

Oh that my soul might thus be led,  
 Well to consider all her ways ;  
 And to her King, her joy, her Head,  
 Extend the music of her praise.

## HYMN.

## FAITH IN EXERCISE.

Jesus is ever found,  
Where faith's keen vision bends ;  
Where'er she walks is holy ground,  
Peopled by loving friends.

By faith, the Lord we see,  
When darkness shrouds the soul ;  
By faith, we hear sweet minstrelsy,  
When storms and tempests roll.

By faith, with angels talk,  
When faggots scorch the frame ;  
Through sweltering seas of torture walk,  
Careless of sword or flame.

By faith, we still survey,  
The glorious fruits in store ;  
The bright, unchanging, perfect day,  
The broad, saint-trodden shore.

By faith, we hear the call,  
And hasten to depart,  
Where Jesus shall be all in all,  
To the rejoicing heart.

## HYMN.

## SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF PROVIDENCE.

Lord ! as Thou wilt direct my way,  
For meek submission hence I pray ;  
Upheld by Thy almighty love,  
I must attain Thy joy above.

This moment whispers of Thy grace ;  
Lord, would I seek some holy place,  
I have but to look up, by prayer,  
And see a faithful Saviour there.

For sweet direction for my feet  
I plead ; all Thy directions sweet ;  
Assure my soul by Thee 'tis given,  
And I'll pursue Thy path to heaven.

So shall I live, (such strength bestow,)  
To prove Thy power and grace below ;  
And, dying, bear my humble claim,  
To the salvation in Thy name.

## HYMN.

GOD'S FAITHFULNESS A SUBJECT FOR REJOICING.

Rejoice, ye saints, with gladness rise,  
Communion hold with Him above ;  
The monarch of all worlds and skies,  
God of all creatures, and of love.

He will not frown you from His side,  
He urges, he entreats you there ;  
Yea, to attest it, Jesus died,  
And God its sacred truth did swear.

That fellowship with God, how sweet,  
Thus Abraham and Elisha found ;  
That God should stand, our souls to greet,  
How kind, how wonderful, profound.

Soon as by faith we seek His face,  
Unmeasured mercy we receive ;  
Jesus, how gentle are Thy ways !  
Now let us love, accept, believe.

## LINES ON A LOST LOVED ONE.

Yes, she is dead ! the rose so sweetly scented,  
Pressed by a dew-drop, broke its parent stem ;  
She faded gently, loved, resigned, lamented,  
Her lips half-parted by a smile contented,  
All praise contemn.

Yes, she is dead ! the ripple softly swelling,  
Sank into foam upon the distant shore ;  
Lonely, ah, lonely, is her cottage-dwelling,  
And friendship lingers, of her beauty telling  
That beams no more.

Yes, she is dead ! the zephyr kindly wooing,  
Whispers and mingles in the expanse of air ;  
Her look, her loveliness, the sense bedewing,  
The eye entrances, veils its steady viewing,  
Its ruthless glare.

Yes, she is dead ! the star that shone at even,  
Faded, how glorious, in the spangled sea ;  
She, less remote from her long cherished heaven,  
Shone all resplendent, welcome, loved, forgiven,  
Angelic, free.

## HYMN.

## THE WEAKNESS OF MAN'S EFFORTS.

Our strength is weakness to His power,  
My soul ! thy fearful tremblings cease ;  
God has sustained thee to this hour,  
And can establish thee in peace.

Trust we in friendship, friends may fail,  
And kindred may desert our ways ;  
Joined to the Father, we prevail,  
And faith reiterates His praise.

Born of the Spirit, we rejoice,  
In prospect of eternal bliss ;  
Faith lifts her hand, her eye, her voice,  
To brighter, fairer worlds than this.

Short season, 'till our souls shall stand,  
In humble reverence at His feet ;  
And with a gentle, holy band,  
His conduct of long love repeat.



## HYMN.

THE WORLD A WILDERNESS TO THE HEAVEN-SEEKING.

Far in a dry and thirsty land,  
'Mid fading happiness I stand,  
And mourn my wants and woes ;  
Decay and danger gird my way,  
Disturb my peace the livelong day,  
And break my night's repose.

The winds, surcharged with sudden death,  
Bear to my cheek their poisoned breath,  
And check the fervor there ;  
The very sunshine seems to be  
A weapon of mortality,  
Destruction's doom to bear.

Within this breast there's scarce a hope,  
For terror, with alarming scope,  
Has bid its pleasure die ;  
I seldom dare indulge the bliss,  
The foretaste of that holiness,  
Administered on high.

This land I travel ; now I see,  
The glories of eternity,  
Expand my faith before ;  
And martyrs, prophets, saints, pursue  
Their worship, as their forms I view,  
Defiled by sense no more.

Oh this is pleasure, bliss supreme,  
Say, is it not a passing dream ?  
Oh no, 'tis faith's delight ;  
There is a glorious home above,  
There are long pleasures left to love,  
Soon I shall share the sight.



### HYMN.

THE PRAYERS OF GOD'S PEOPLE VERY PRECIOUS.

How precious are the prayers which rise,  
From contrite sinner's tongue ;  
More pleasing in the Father's eyes,  
Than mirth's unholy song.

Through nights of languishment and woe,  
Their lonely sighs ascend ;  
Bright angels to their rescue go,  
Above their pillows bend.

'Tis their great joy to fly and bear  
Some mercy from above ;  
And pour the oil of gladness there,  
Perfumed with Jesus' love.

Jesus ne'er leaves them to decline ;  
Though sinners scorn His face,  
Saints he assures,—“ Since ye are mine,  
Ye shall possess my grace.”

Thus is their death the dawn of life,  
The dawn of bliss on high ;  
Finished ! the long and painful strife,  
At once to heaven they fly.



## HYMN.

EXPECTATION OF PEACE AND GLORY BEYOND  
THE GRAVE.

Drawn from the world, I strive to soar,  
Where doubts distress the soul no more ;  
Oh that I might possess above,  
Thy peace, Thy glory, and Thy love.

The time, though lingering, shall arrive,  
My soul with God and angels live ;  
Pains, penalties, and dark distress,  
May never mar my holiness.

Jesus I shall with pleasure view ;  
He helps me all my journey through ;  
And God the Father I'll embrace,  
A son, made reconciled by grace.

Then shall my joy, my rest, begin,  
Because discharged from pain and sin ;  
And peace forever more be given,  
My Father's own calm peace in heaven.

## HYMN.

FAITH A REMEDY FOR THE SOUL IN AFFLICTION.

By faith, my Saviour, God, I view,  
Forgetful of distress and pain,  
He is my staff my journey through,  
His strength I never seek in vain.

There is a sure reward above,  
For all our service in His name ;  
It is the rich reward of love,  
Now and forever more the same.

Whilst we were strangers to His face,  
The Lord of glory died for man ;  
Not one of all the mortal race,  
His power excluded from the plan.

He calls, but oh, if man refuse,  
There is no ray of mercy more ;  
If once the glittering crown ye lose,  
The day of hope and pardon's o'er.

Why will ye, wretched sinners, die ?  
Come to His mercy-seat to day ;  
Come, in true faith His love apply,  
And purge your every woe away.

## HYMN.

THE WRATH OF GOD REMOVED BY THE BLOOD  
OF JESUS.

The death of Jesus left  
A testimony sure,  
Of wrath divine by love bereft ;  
And shall by grace endure.

His wounds the symbols are,  
Of entrance full and free ;  
There's mercy speaking from each scar,  
Addressed to such as we.

The misery of dread,  
Would still our hearts o'erhang,  
Had Christ refused ourselves instead,  
To suffer death's sharp pang.

Rich was the grace that shone,  
Around his thorn-pierced brow ;  
Brighter on His ascension throne,  
Beams His full glory now.

## HYMN.

## THE RESURRECTION.

Raised in glory from the tomb,  
Praises shall these lips resume ;  
Airs celestial cool the brow,  
Bent in supplication now.

Raised in glory ! calm above,  
Feasting on a Saviour's love ;  
None but God such grace could plan,  
Suitable and sweet to man.

Raised in glory ! though our dust,  
Sown in weakness, wait its trust ;  
Joyous it shall wake on high,  
Nevermore to wane and die.

Raised in glory ! there to shine,  
With a long and royal line ;  
Reign with kings, with prophets dwell,  
Heaven's angelic chorus swell.

Raised in glory ! to rejoice,  
At His convocation voice ;  
Through eternity to sing,  
Hallelujahs to the King.

## HYMN.

## CALL TO REPENTANCE.

Repent ! the door stands open wide,  
And God is gracious, gentle, mild ;  
The Saviour at the Father's side,  
Entreats—" Oh be ye reconciled."

Repent ! decrepitude and age,  
May hinder the attainment soon ;  
Wealth, honour, fame, your zeal engage,  
Or quench in utter night your noon.

Repent ! there's mercy with the Lord,  
Jesus is your unfaltering friend ;  
His blood on the poor sinner poured,  
Doth rich salvation there extend.

Repent ! and then rejoice in love ;  
None but the faithless should repine ;  
Oh sinner ! there is joy above ;  
Say ! will you that great joy decline ?

Repent and love Him for His grace,  
Each soul Jehovah's cherished heir ;  
Sway some bright kingdom in His place,  
And crowns celestial, glorious, wear.

## HYMN.

JESUS, UNFAILING SOURCE OF STRENGTH AND COMFORT.

Should every mortal strength decay,  
We have a source of strength above ;  
Jesus our glory is our stay,  
We gather greatness from His love.

Our wanderings and wild alarms,  
The Saviour doth restrain, restore ;  
He holds apart His lovely arms,  
And whispers,—“ be misled no more.”

It is His kindness calls our feet,  
From wretchedness to joy on high ;  
He is a friend, enduring, sweet,  
Whose love forever cannot die.

His watchful patience shall not end,  
'Till every saint His glory sees ;  
His care doth all their acts attend,  
He carries out their promises.



## HYMN.

THE PRESENT TIME THE PROPER TIME FOR REPENTANCE.

Fair is the present hour to find,  
The full forgiveness we require;  
Yet sinners, to their danger blind,  
Seldom salvation's paths desire.

Surely if God's own word is sure,  
They'll need a gentle Saviour nigh,  
When He the righteous, just, and pure,  
Convenes them at His bar on high.

Then, if deserted of His grace,  
How dreadful shall their doom be known;  
"Ye sinners who abhorred my face,  
Shall to deep torments hence be thrown."

If ye would listen to His love,  
Oh why the pleasant hour postpone?  
There is abundant grace above,  
Ye may abundant glory own.

## HYMN.

THE KINDNESS OF GOD MANIFEST THROUGH ALL HIS  
PROVIDENCE.

Howe'er I view by inward sense,  
The varied pathway I have trod,  
I see some holy providence,  
Some kind production of a God.

Thus have I journeyed and been led,  
And thus to heavenly heights I move ;  
God, my eternal Sun, doth shed,  
O'er all my road His ardent love.

His providence, how gentle, kind,  
For thus His perfect nature is ;  
Though devious my path may wind,  
'Tis guarded by His promises.

Can fears and foes impede my race ?  
All foes and fears His grace can quell ;  
Yea, change His foes to friends by grace,  
And bid them in His glory dwell.

## HYMN.

GOD, THE CHRISTIAN'S GLORY.

God is my glory and delight,  
Forever He deserves my praise ;  
He dwells in habitations bright,  
And joy distinguishes His ways.

Lofty are all His works to man,  
Most wise are all His statutes too ;  
Too high for mortal sense to scan,  
Too pure for nature to pursue.

He giveth rain to shrinking ground,  
He sendeth sunshine to the field ;  
Harvest and herbage thrive around,  
' A thousand welcome beauties yield.

Maker unsearchable ! His name ;  
Our Father ! His ascription just ;  
True to His glory and His fame,  
True to our confidence and trust.

Set us where we may see Thy face,  
Thy voice of cherished kindness hear ;  
We shall attain Thy rest, by grace,  
And in Thy glory, Lord, appear.

## HYMN.

## CHRIST AN EVER-PRESENT SAVIOUR.

The Lord of love, the God of peace,  
Doth the believer's faith increase ;  
Forever present, He sustains,  
His church 'mid dangers, woes, and pains.

Serene and beautiful, His love  
Doth each impediment remove ;  
The Christian walks with quickened pace,  
Gladly to Zion's holy place.

He is assured when he ascends,  
Of the reception of a friend ;  
He knows the Father will accept,  
The child who His commandments kept.

Vile and unworthy though he be,  
He says, "my Saviour cares for me,"  
Since He has died I well may know,  
He will not check His mercy's flow.

If He imputeth to my soul,  
His righteousness, my love is whole ;  
He does impute it ; I believe  
His promise,—and His faith receive.

## HYMN.

## THE CHURCH A PASSAGE TO GLORY.

O glorious season, blissful time,  
When Israel from her gloom shall rise,  
And the blest grandeur of her clime,  
Resemble the unclouded skies.

The lion and the lamb shall sit,  
And play with infants at her feet;  
The savage in meek love submit,  
With songs her gathered glory greet.

Then shall the wilderness assume,  
Garments of beauty and delight;  
With flowers of sweetest fragrance bloom,  
And burst with rivers fair and bright.

Her holiness, a lovely way,  
Shall be by God's dear people trod;  
Their voices through the pleasant day,  
The sacred night, ascend to God.

The blessings of her earthly state,  
Her privilege and honours high,  
Shall be the court, and holy gate,  
Which open on the holier sky.

## HYMN.

JESUS THE GUIDE AND COMFORT OF THE CONTRITE.

Jesus all my sorrows knows,  
He can give me sweet repose,  
Can my wounded spirit heal,  
Light and life, and joy reveal;

Bring me favor, grant me grace,  
Visions of His glorious face,  
Can renew my fainting heart,  
Say to grief and sin, depart.

With the Father intercede,  
All His Calvary suffering's plead,  
Wide unfold the crystal doors,  
Shew me entrance to the shores,

Paved with sapphire; lead the way,  
Love me, teach me to obey,  
Guide me from the paths of vice,  
For my feebleness suffice;

Prove me by His mighty power,  
Save me in the dying hour;  
Mission angels to remove  
Me to yonder home above.

## HYMN.

## THE GLORY OF OMNIPOTENCE.

How mighty, how majestic He,  
The God that fills eternity !  
The mountains tremble at His word,  
The caverns loud confess Him, Lord.

The heav'ns He spread, and fixed their bounds,  
His arm immenser wonders sounds ;  
He treads the waters as they roar,  
And rolls their fury on the shore.

Arcturus and the genial south,  
Regard the orders of His mouth ;  
He guides the Pleiades and stars,  
And nothing His blest conduct mars.

Blessing and grace are His delight ;  
His brilliant crown shines still more bright,  
When we behold the chain of love,  
That binds us to His care above.

If 'tis so pleasant to survey,  
Jehovah's glorious array ;  
What rapture should our doubts displace,  
When we regard His reigning grace.

## HYMN.

## PRAYER.

Prayer is the pinion of the soul,  
To bear it up on high;  
Oh what ecstatic anthems roll,  
As it ascends the sky.

Prayer is the ocean vast and deep,  
Where sweet affections play;  
How vain from God's dear voice to keep,  
While it is called to day.

Prayer is the pinnacle of power,  
How happy there to stand;  
While Jesus doth rich blessings shower,  
O'er all the wishful land.

Prayer is the strong, impressive call,  
When panting nature dies;  
In Jesus concentrates our all,  
And on His truth relies.

Prayer is the hand that grasps His love,  
The love to sinners given;  
Establishes their hopes above,  
And swift conducts to heaven.



## HYMN.

## THE SUFFICIENCY OF GOD.

Wide as our wishes can extend,  
Stretch the compassions of our Friend ;  
Jesus, our King, our joy inspires,  
Beholds and blesses our desires.

The poor he furnishes with food,  
The wretched with appropriate good ;  
The doubting to full faith restores,  
O'er timid saints sweet comfort pours.

Millions divide his draughts of love,  
Without diminishment above ;  
Thus sinners who His mercy drink,  
Ne'er lessen the delightful brink.

Jesus ! if other joys should fail,  
Still let Thy faith, Thy power, prevail ;  
Thy love, forever, Lord, maintain,  
Nor let our pleadings rise in vain.

## HYMN.

## ZION THE SEAT OF JEHOVAH'S PRESENCE.

The Lord hath chosen for His seat,  
Dear Zion's glory, fair, divine,  
I'll go, my Jesus there to meet,  
And make His gifts of mercy mine.

How happy is the scene around,  
What pleasures from His throne distil !  
There visions beautiful abound,  
And fragrance doth the climate fill.

God looks o'er all but to rejoice ;  
He smiles as sinners seek His face ;  
How gentle His entreating voice,  
Surely it is the voice of grace.

There let us enter and be glad ;  
Revere His precepts—this is right ;  
Be with his robes of mercy clad,  
And dwell in glory and delight.

## HYMN.

JESUS SUITED TO EVERY PROVIDENCE.

Am I distressed ! there's hope above,  
And fulness in a Father's love ;  
Am I afflicted ! then His voice  
May my desponding heart rejoice.

Am I surrounded far by foes,  
My God my safety can disclose ;  
Am I in poverty and want !  
He will appropriate blessings grant.

Am I in doubt as to my end !  
God doth the humble heart attend ;  
Does Satan and the world annoy !  
God is my everlasting joy.

Am I in pain or deep disease !  
Jesus my situation sees ;  
Beyond this life he may explain,  
Kind reasons for my lengthened pain.

Am I in death ! oh let me think,  
As the offensive draught I drink,  
I have a Saviour to embrace,  
While leaving this terrestrial place.

Ah, with such bright companions here,  
My soul ! what trouble shouldst thou fear ?  
And wherefore dread from earth to fly,  
With God in Christ thy friend on high !

## GOOD NIGHT.

Good night ! the day is done, its toils are ended,  
Cares, like the shadows flit along the hill ;  
Refreshing slumber is with quiet blended ;  
The house is still.

The purring house cat crawls along the ledges,  
The sturdy watch-dog guards the jarred gate ;  
The gloomy owl broods o'er the shady hedges,  
Grim potentate.

Now a faint breeze ruffles the gauzy curtain,  
Dim shadows tremble down the moonlit room ;  
Vague, evanescent, like life's hopes, uncertain,  
They end in gloom.

The clock looks down, and marks the passing  
hours  
By startling knells—ah thus earth's glories fade ;  
Gone ! are the verdure, beauty, scent, and flowers,  
Of yonder glade.

Good night ! frail sinner, with a burden cumbered,  
Lean upon God, and peace and glory win ;  
Joys like the dew drops round a plant, unnum-  
bered,  
Will close thee in.

Good night ! the world may sneer, but God is  
smiling,  
His goodness, like the starlight, bounds thy  
path ;  
What is the heartless laugh, the cold reviling,  
To God's fierce wrath ?

Good night ! oh look, the golden day is breaking,  
Shadows and spectre-fears no longer scare ;  
Oh may we rise in heaven's full glory, waking  
Strong, beauteous, fair.



## HYMN.

## THE KINDNESS OF GOD TO HIS CREATURES.

You, ye saints, the God of love,  
Bids to meet around His throne ;  
He, the Lord of life above,  
Doth His people's service own.

Come with praises ; for His grace  
Flows in blissful streams around ;  
And the brightness of His face,  
Shines through all dear Zion's ground.

From the splendours of His brow,  
Truth in clearest ray descends :  
Ye who share His mercy now,  
Know that love His word attends.

Seek His face, oh sinner, seek,  
While He calls thee to the skies;  
Thou, who art so poor and weak,  
Joyous to His glory rise.

Yes, He has received Thy name,  
It is registered above;  
He will ne'er expose to shame,  
Sinners who accept His love.



### SONNET.

“SHEW ME THY WAYS.”

“Shew me Thy ways,” the glorious Psalmist  
prayed;  
Throughout the universe, along the shore,  
Of heaving oceans are His paths displayed,  
The mighty avenues of glory made,  
Through which His greatness rolls. In the  
earth's core,  
Or on the towering cliff His splendour shines;  
Unnumbered stars, that through immensity  
Peer gently earthward, are the holy signs  
Of his majestic treadings; and the sky  
Mantled with purple or with crimson, shows  
The vivid impress of His mighty march,  
Stretching to the horizon's edge, an arch  
Whose shifting butments with His lustre glows;  
He who God's ways may trace, His wondrous  
glory knows.

## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is beautiful, when in its face,  
Compliance shows with mild and easy grace ;  
When on the rosy cheek and lustrous eye,  
The smile of hope proclaims its fervor nigh ;  
When mirth and music ripple on the tongue,  
And words by manhood spoken, then are sung.

But far more beautiful when love commands,  
By holy instinct, its obedient hands ;  
When a kind father's smile, a mother's kiss,  
Sends to the heart the glow of early bliss,  
And in the morning hymn, the evening prayer,  
Its lisped accents the true worship share.

## HYMN.

## THE DUTY OF PRAISING GOD.

Thy hands have formed this flesh to praise,  
Thy plans, perfections, laws, and ways ;  
And fashioned every part, to prove,  
Thy power, Thy wisdom, and Thy love.

Lord ! if for such a use designed,  
Why is my soul to duty blind ;  
Why do I hesitate to tell,  
The wonders Thou hast taught so well.

Thy tender mercies I'll proclaim,  
With glory thus surround Thy name ;  
Thy constancy and grace explain,  
Where crime corrupts, and ruin reign.

Lord ! when Thy dreadful judgments rise,  
In Jesus, let my soul be wise ;  
My every prayer, and song, and tear,  
Shall certify Thy comfort near.



## HYMN.

THE WORD OF THE LORD, ABOUNDING SWEETNESS.

Sweeter than honey to the taste,  
So are Thy words, Thou Lord, to me ;  
Thy wisdom seasons the repast,  
Lord, who is like in worth to Thee !

I love Thy dear commandments well,  
They furnish me with sumptuous fare ;  
There stores of peace and mercy dwell,  
Grace in a full abundance there.

Thy laws I reverence, obey,  
Most merciful my feet to guide ;  
Christ is the everlasting way,  
I have no other lord beside.

All Thy revealings entertain,  
My best affections and delight :  
Jesus, my soul from guilt restrain,  
With glory fill my raptured sight.

## HYMN.

## THE SAINT ASSURED OF FINAL GLORY.

The man that finds his chief delight,  
In Christ's sweet service here ;  
Shall stand in glory, fair and bright,  
When Jesus shall appear.

Peaceful his labors, thus his end,  
There Christ's perfections shine ;  
The love of his Almighty Friend,  
Flows freely and divine.

The rich instructions of his Lord,  
He with delight obeys ;  
How pleasant is Jehovah's word,  
How merciful His praise.

Blest is the man, when flesh decays,  
Still trusting on His love ;  
He blesses his kind Father's ways,  
And hastens home above.

## HYMN.

## THE GIFT OF CHRIST.

God so loved the world in woe,  
Christ His Son he sent below ;  
God in glory now above,  
With His Gospel grants His love.

Angels saw the Lord descend,  
Angels saw us scorn that Friend ;  
Angels took our God on high,  
Angels praised him in the sky.

Not to save them Jesus came,  
Bore afflictions, curses, shame ;  
But for man His kindness burned,  
They who His compassion spurned.

Shall He, (oh the question hear,)  
Our condemning Judge appear ?  
Or His Gospel and His grace,  
Win us to His worthy place ?

Then the Father's love shall be,  
Ours through all eternity ;  
Joy in ceaseless currents roll,  
Over every ransomed soul.

## HYMN.

## THE SUFFERER AT BETHESDA.

By old Bethesda's quiet pool,  
A languid sufferer lay ;  
Waiting, beneath its waters cool,  
To wash his woes away.

The angel every season came,  
The quiet waters stirred ;  
His woes each season were the same,  
None his entreaties heard.

At last the Saviour passing by,  
The sufferer restored ;  
And o'er his heart, of pleasures dry,  
Abundant blessings poured.

Jesus ! my soul's a sufferer too,  
Thy healing mercy give ;  
And, in Thy grace, forever new,  
Let me to glory live.

## HYMN.

## THE DEATH OF THE FAITHFUL.

To die in faith ! abundant joy !  
Abundant glory too ;  
To pass from earth's to heaven's employ,  
And Christ and angels view !

To be a King with God on high,  
O'er ten bright cities there ;  
And see immortal creatures fly,  
Immortal news to bear.

To hold sweet converse with the Lamb,  
The golden pavements tread,  
To praise the glorious I AM,  
Zion's victorious head.

Dear friends long sundered to rejoin,  
Renew our earthly love ;  
And shout, 'twas all of grace divine,  
We all are met above !

These may be partial fruits of faith,  
To saints by Jesus given ;  
Then should we meet with joy that death,  
Through which we pass to heaven.

## CHRIST THE PILOT.

There is a sea, whose restless tide,  
And whose deceitful swell,  
Sharp, sunken rocks securely hide ;  
Christ knows its soundings well.

Steered by His wise, benignant hand,  
The Christian's vessel hies,  
'Till anchor'd at the peaceful strand,  
Where Canaan's glory lies.



## SONNET.

“AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM.”

This globe shall be to wreathing flames resigned,  
And death's pale charger o'er its wreck career ;  
Lightnings and earthquakes, and a mighty wind,  
Proclaim the day of vengeance ; then will fear,  
Rush to o'erwhelm the reprobate ; the sea  
Shall vomit forth her long imprisoned dead ;  
Then shall the guilty from His presence flee,  
Whose voice the mountains shakes, and trembling, cower  
Beneath the burning fury of His tongue ;  
Then shall God's treasured wrath in fiery shower,  
Blast every prop to which the sinner clung ;  
“And every eye shall see him,” friend and foe,  
Victor and vanquished, slave and lord of power,  
To glory tend, or plunge to hell below.

## HYMN.

## THE DAWNING OF THE DAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The day of Zion's joy and strength,  
Dawns o'er the eastern hills at length ;  
Her beauty and her glory rise,  
O'er Pagan darkness, to the skies.

High on the mountains of her peace,  
Her numbers nations shall increase ;  
The house of God, His dwelling place,  
Shall be erected on his grace.

Thither with rapture crowd each tribe,  
And glory to the Lord ascribe,  
Thousands, yea, tens of thousands press,  
Jesus, the Son of God, to bless.

The mean and lofty there repeat,  
Their common faith at Jesus' feet ;  
The wise and ignorant be there,  
To breathe an equal humble prayer.

Their treasures, oh, how large they spread,  
Yet the great honors of their head,  
No gold or silver e'er can be,  
Compared, Thou Lord of life ! to Thee.

Oh, day of glory, rise and shine,  
O'er every Jew and Gentile line;  
Thou God of mercy, let Thy praise,  
Be signaled by its dawning rays.



## HYMN.

### THE VEXATIONS EXPERIENCED BY THE RIGHTEOUS.

My soul is vexed when sinners scorn,  
The pleasures Christ hath given;  
But oh, how bitter shall they mourn,  
To be cast out of heaven.

They hear of Great Jehovah's wrath,  
And His eternal love;  
Here mercy no persuasion hath,  
Justice no fears above.

And are they surely bound to death,  
To dreadful flames resigned;  
Shall no sweet word, no pious breath,  
Pervade and move their mind!

Oh, that they would, by mercy led,  
Dear Lord, Thy kindness own;  
And tears of true repentance shed,  
Beneath Thy happy throne.



## EPITAPH.

Each nation's history bears some bloody page,  
Of tyrant's cruelty, or hero's rage ;  
And warriors noble, there in state appear,  
Beside the names they mentioned but with fear.

She in the household more illustrious shone,  
Than the proud occupant of field or throne ;  
True loving hearts her loyal subjects were,  
Bound fast by friendship to their comforter.



## SONNET.

“IN THAT DAY SHALL THE BRANCH OF THE LORD BE  
BEAUTIFUL AND GLORIOUS.”

That day, oh, Church of Jesus, brightly dawns ;  
E'en the far valleys on its glory look ;  
The stately shades of ancient rites withdrawn  
From sacred worship, now, as from a book  
Of glowing pages may we boldly read,  
By inspirations, evidence and proof,  
All that Jehovah in His might decreed,  
And all that Jesus in His mercy took ;  
Now is the branch made beautiful,—below  
Its arching clusters, nations may recline ;

Gentile and Jew, children of wealth and woe,  
All, all may to the balmy burdens go,  
And pluck, and eat, and round the heart entwine,  
The healing tendrils of the heavenly vine.



## HYMN.

THE DUTY OF MAN'S HOMAGE TO HIS CREATOR.

This world's Thy property, oh King,  
The stars Thy robes adorn ;  
And nature doth sweet praises bring,  
In every pleasant morn.

And shall my spirit strive and seek,  
Thy purposes to move ;  
My spirit, trembling, poor, and weak,  
And Thou, the Lord above.

No, with creation, I'll adore,  
Thy majesty and will ;  
Thy grace, Jehovah, I implore,  
My timid heart to fill.

Through grace I pass into Thy home,  
And saints and angels meet ;  
By grace I unto glory come,  
Thy goodness to repeat.

## HYMN.

## YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

Ye must be born again,  
Born of the spirit true ;  
The Saviour's blood from sin's dark stain,  
Your selfish souls renew.

Born in the bonds of love,  
Your life in Christ to hide ;  
Born to establish hopes above,  
And in those hopes abide.

Born to a zeal and faith,  
To frustrate hell's deceit ;  
Born to be conquerors of death,  
In realms of mercy meet.

Born to support the cause,  
Of Jesus while below ;  
Obedience to His holy laws,  
And steady worship show.

Born to receive a crown,  
By Christ in glory given ;  
At His right hand to be set down,  
And dwell with God in heaven.

## LINES

## ON THE DEATH OF THREE INFANTS.

They are at rest, how tranquil is their slumber,  
A mother's voice cannot recall them now ;  
They are at rest, with heaven's cherubic number,  
And at the feet of their Redeemer bow.

They are at rest, oh, should we wish them hither,  
Could some stern fiat bid each child return ;  
Before contagion's breath such sweet ones wither,  
And death, relentless, would their beauties  
spurn.

They are at rest, no more on earth they languish,  
Woman ! those pangs have almost rent thy  
heart ;  
They are at rest, from sorrow, pain, and anguish,  
And Jesus bade them one by one depart.

They are at rest, how blissful the transition,  
Thou, mighty Saviour, how supreme Thy  
grace !  
The dawn of glory brightens to fruition,  
And clouds all scatter from thy radiant face.

They are at rest, a vision, sunlike, glorious,  
Wafts them exultant to the parting skies ;  
The grave, once vanquished, they ascend, vic-  
torious,  
And shout hosannas as they reach the prize.

## HYMN.

## THE SOCIAL MEETING OF SAINTS.

How blest to meet with Christian friends,  
Where Jesus with his love attends,  
To feed the flame of love within,  
And renovate the soul of sin.

The distant, drawn by cords of love,  
Meet, as they hope to meet above ;  
The sad, new comfort come to gain,  
The mourning to rejoice again.

Around the table where they sit,  
Visions of heavenly splendour flit ;  
The hymns they sing, the prayers they raise,  
Sets every quickened soul ablaze.

How lovely, oh, how rapturous thus,  
To meet in bonds of holiness ;  
Assurance of fresh faith receive,  
And some sweet promise now believe.

## LINES.

The storm has sunken o'er the western hills.  
The turbid river, and the swollen rills,  
And prostrate trees, and strewn and shattered  
    flowers,  
And vines low bending 'neath the weight of  
    showers,  
Attest its fury, mark its victor-path,  
Its march, its conquest, and its whirlwind wrath.  
Lo, a dark cloud exhibits its descent,  
Its sunshine limits, and its black extent;  
It moves, still moves, with blazing glories girt;  
The zephyr dallies with its fringed skirt,  
Forms and transforms, and beauteously displays,  
Like a flung banner 'neath the sun's full rays.  
A star ascends just over the airy scene,  
Calm, silent, lovely, as the eve serene;  
It rises, rises, storm, and cloud, and wrath,  
And latent vengeance scorning in its path;  
Ascending, still ascending, 'till its light  
Gilds the broad heavens. The drooping veil of  
    night,  
Displays the richer glories of the star,  
To world's around, and glittering orbs afar.  
Methinks the spirit of the worthy just,  
No more impeded by its mortal dust,  
In light ascends, as life's rough tempest cease,  
While all beside, around, above,—is peace;  
Like the mild star that sweetly gleams at even,  
It glides in glory to its native heaven.

## HYMN.

## THE DAY OF SALVATION.

Here hath salvation's day appeared,  
Ye sinners! come and see;  
Love, which unnumbered sinners cheered,  
And freely shewn for ye.

Oh, do not say the glorious Lord,  
Hath limited His grace;  
It flows co-equal with His word,  
Co-equal with the race.

Truly the promises are dear;  
Sweetly each promise take,  
And say, with soul devoid of fear,  
"These are for Jesus' sake."

He reconciles and intercedes,  
By language of His love;  
The soul with needed mercy feeds,  
Then bears that soul above.

## HYMN.

## REVERENCE TO JEHOVAH.

With awe and reverence we bow,  
Before Thy gracious throne ;  
And say, whate'er Thy love allow,  
Shall to Thy praise be done.

Thou art a just and holy God,  
And never could approve,  
The sinful way we long have trod,  
Far distant from Thy love.

And yet Thy mercy met our state,  
Thy grace retrieved our fall ;  
In truth a love so high, so great,  
Doth for our reverence call.

Pity our hearts again, we pray,  
Our souls with love baptize ;  
Then in thy straight and holy way,  
To scenes of joy we'll rise.



## HYMN.

## PLEA FOR THE HEART-SEARCHING POWER OF GOD.

Search me, oh God, and know my heart !  
See whither tends my love supreme ;  
Deep is the tempter's cruel art,  
And pleasant sin's delusive dream.

Try all my thoughts, and hopes, and see,  
If Jesus owns my dearest love ;  
My glory centres it on Thee,  
Thou everlasting Lord above.

The secret of my soul expose,  
And solve its deepest mysteries ;  
See if it cherish friends or foes,  
In sullen state or lustful ease.

Expel the foes, if foes there are,  
My soul an angel send to guard ;  
The entrance with his sword to bar,  
And slay the foes that press her hard.

I shall be able then to stand,  
And glory in Thy sovereign love ;  
Clothed by Thy strong yet gentle hand,  
Hell cannot my firm hope remove.

## HYMN.

## THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

Christ is commended to our love,  
By kindly attribute and name ;  
Equal with God, great King above !  
How brilliant, but how blest His fame.

Angels do homage deep, and bend,  
The solemn wonder would explore,  
When Christ, our everlasting friend,  
Sends mercy to some stranger shore.

Those beings gifted, glorious know,  
But distant beauties of that grace,  
Believers' welcome food below,  
They who have ne'er beheld His face.

The soul hath voices to explain,  
Her wants and wishes to her God ;  
Care, sorrow, fear, distress, or pain,  
Draw some sweet grace from His abode.

## HYMN.

## DEATH WELCOME TO THE BELIEVER.

'Tis sweet to die, if Jesus occupies,  
King undisputed the once sinful breast;  
Happy the beggar who thus calmly dies,  
And sinks delighted to his glorious rest.

In that just hour, the things which pleased the  
sense,  
Pass like vague phantoms to dishonoured  
shade;  
While the great light of dread omnipotence,  
Tinges the void their final absence made.

Objects eternal, changeless as their God,  
Rise in the prospect, glorious and serene;  
While all below fades at His powerful nod,  
And death recloses the well ordered scene

## SONNET.

“MAN DID EAT ANGELS FOOD.”

Far in the wilderness, the journeying camp,  
In every change the God of Israel knew ;—  
The shining cloud, Jehovah's sacred lamp,  
That down the road a gentle radiance threw,  
The solemn gloom with glory to imbue,  
And in the darker cloud, that all the day  
Hung overhead, the banner of His love,  
A shield delightful, from the scorching ray,  
Ever descending from the orb above ;  
The smitten rock, the manna on the plain,  
These, these, and each should have awoke the  
    strain  
Of sweet submissive praise ; yet did they rove,  
No thankful gratitude for mercies felt ;  
Sinners ! here view your life, and in contrition  
    melt.

## HYMN.

## THE WONDERS OF GODHEAD.

God is a spirit, holy, wise,  
And glory is his dwelling place,  
He sheds His lustre through the skies,  
And through this crowded world His grace.

Above our best conceptions, He,  
With majesty, his laws ordain ;  
His path is in the mighty sea,  
His march of conquest o'er the plains.

Yet He is lovely, gentle, kind  
And looks in mercy on our woe ;  
He bears a sympathizing mind,  
For sorrows which His people know.

He sees the tears His children shed,  
He listens to their prayers in love ;  
He comforts the desponding head,  
He carries every saint above.

## EVENING HYMN.

Jesus descend and sanctify,  
Our evening praises uttered here ;  
Our bodies kindly fortify,  
From prowling damps and woes severe.

Sit at our bed-side, gracious Lord,  
Directing every breath we draw ;  
Sweet, heathful slumber us afford,  
More true to love's than nature's law.

And should the arch-invader come,  
To take the breath Thou, Jesus, gave,  
These lips to render cold and dumb,  
To quietude these tongues depraved.

Oh, glorify Thyself in this,  
And glorify ourselves in Thee :  
Death only may the soul dismiss,  
To dwell in bright eternity.

Then, Saviour, should we die this night,  
In consequence of Thy command ;  
May we arise to see the light,  
Of glory bathe Thine upper land.

## HYMN.

## ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

Sweet Jesus ! 'twas Thy gentle hand  
That lifted me by kind degrees,  
From death's dread borders, firm to stand,  
Where faith a present Saviour sees.

Pain was the sharer of my couch,  
Disease ran riot through this frame ;  
They, at the bidding of Thy touch,  
Swift heralds of Thy grace became.

O, what high rapture now I feel,  
Possessing this once painful breast ;  
What beauties o'er my spirit steal,  
Faint pictures of my promised rest.

My sickness and my swift decline,  
Were messengers of love to me ;  
Then I experienced faith divine,  
And grace, as final glory free.

At night when all was still around,  
Thou, gentle Saviour, stood and spake ;  
My soul stood silent at the sound,  
Each syllable of love to take.

Thus, when the night of death comes on,  
Stand by me as Thou whisperest,—peace ;  
And while Thy holy will is done,  
In glory let my tremblings cease.

## SONNET.

“BUT HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF GOD ABIDETH  
FOREVER.”

This earth, those stars, down in immensity  
Of chaos and destruction shall be hurled ;  
Before His countenance, the sun shall flee,  
Those orbs of splendour and of majesty  
Torn from the coronet of night ; the world  
To surging seas of flaming wrath consigned ;  
These glorious trees, and yonder beauteous glade,  
All that man's wisdom hath with art designed,  
All, all shall wither and ignobly fade ;  
The cunning sophistry, the pride of birth,  
Vainglorious grandeur, be consumed with earth ;  
He that obeys the law the Lord hath made,  
Shall reign in glory, when destruction brings,  
Abasement to the proud, and awful woe to kings.



## LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

These be my wishes to a cherished friend,  
Peace, wisdom, honour, on her paths attend ;  
Not proud position or superior state,  
Can in the soul contentment's joys create,  
While gentle grace and dignity are known,  
The mild attendants upon virtue's throne.

These I desire, and would with joy bestow,  
Did consummation wait on friendship's flow ;  
But one more wise, more kind, more gentle, true,  
Presents His daily goodness to our view.  
The spot is sacred where true love expires,  
So be this transcript of my soul's desires.

## HYMN.

## HUMILITY AN ATTRIBUTE OF PIETY.

At Pilate's bar the Saviour stood,  
Subject to insult, action rude,  
    Yet murmured no reply ;  
The priests and elders glared upon  
The gentle prisoner, yet won  
    No cause to bid Him die.

Humility, His silence proved,  
Yet this their awful malice moved,  
    Led Him to Calvary ;  
This wove the thorns which pierced his brow,  
This aimed the dreadful, torturing blow,  
    This nailed Him to the tree.

And am I humble, modest, meek,  
At insult e'en forbear to speak ?  
    His spirit then I've caught,  
Who faced the eager, brutal host,  
Yet to each selfish, cruel boast,  
    In meekness answered nought.

## HYMN.

OUR LIVES SUBJECT TO THE WILL OF THE ALMIGHTY.

My time is subject to the will  
Of Him who sittest far on high ;  
I am His true possession still,  
I cannot from His presence fly.

Each thought before it is exprest,  
Is all apparent unto Him ;  
There's not a wish within this breast,  
To God, and His omniscience dim.

This world capacious, land and sea,  
Can furnish no secluding cave ;  
His mind forever follows me,  
Yea, follows to the solemn grave.

Nor does it there its searchings cease,  
Angels the startling truth might tell ;  
It wanders to the world of peace,  
Or hastes to utter woe in hell.

Thou God, eternal, just, and grand,  
I crave Thy friendship and Thy care ;  
Then shall no judgments guide Thy hand,  
Thy brow no wrath and terrors wear.

## HYMN.

## THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

O, whither shall my spirit fly,  
To hide from His world-searching eye,  
Whose will is nature's law ;  
Before whose glory angels bow,  
And saints on earth, with solemn vow,  
Their hopes of glory draw.

First must I leave this rolling earth,  
This fleeting theatre of mirth,  
Intrinsically mean ;  
Then to the farthest verge of space,  
With rapid evolutions trace,  
The worlds which float between.

Past Sun and Comet, Pleiades,  
And all which swim those azure seas,  
Planets in order whirled ;  
Past all must my adventurous wing,  
Unclogged my trembling spirit bring,  
To a more distant world.

Yet through them all a God appears,  
Each star a blazing tablet rears,  
Expressive of His might ;  
Each planet on its liquid way,  
Keeps my affrighted soul at bay,  
With its bewildering light.

Through all the circles of the stars,  
'Mid Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars,  
The King of glory reigns ;  
Nor can my soul escape that eye,  
Which wanders o'er the glittering sky,  
With grandeur fills those plains.

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HYMN.

THE PLEASURES OF THE RANSOMED.

The prospect's beautiful and fair,  
By Christ to Christians given ;  
For reigns in highest glory there,  
Jesus,—the joy of heaven.

The treacherous thought, the longing lust,  
From God's pure presence flies ;  
His gaze they shun, and surely must,  
When we move up the skies.

Does one sly doubt my soul infest ?  
Faith clears the cloud away ;  
And every adverse wish supprest,  
Discloses perfect day.

No more I'll tremble, pause, or fear,  
No more my doubts renew ;  
But daily to my God more near,  
My final glory view.

## HYMN.

## THE ANGER OF GOD WITH THE REBELLIOUS.

As chaff before the wind is borne,  
As darkness disappears at morn,  
So shall rebellious nations fly,  
Before the wrath of Him on high.

Their land shall groan beneath the load,  
The vengeance of a holy God ;  
Their paths shall hiss unto their tread,  
And monsters travel o'er their dead.

Dark desolation, fruitless soil,  
Shall their accustomed labors foil ;  
Seed time and harvest disappear,  
From the recurrence of the year.

But for His servants, rain shall fall,  
And sunshine, fruits and harvests call ;  
Blessings and beauties shall abound,  
And rills refresh their cultured ground.

## HYMN.

## THE LIFE OF CONSISTENT PIETY.

How beautiful the Christian's life,  
To the close watching eye ;  
So free from envy, pride and strife,  
And tending heavenward high.

The graces of the noble mind,  
Confirm His movements too ;  
So that the good His heart designed,  
He cheerful hastes to do.

Tranquil amid opposing ill,  
Like island 'mid the sea ;  
He regulates his hope and will,  
To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee.

Translated to the world of light,  
His character is known ;  
By saints in strong and perfect sight,  
Around the Saviour's throne.

## HYMN.

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF JESUS.

I have a friend to whom I fly,  
When pains possess, when troubles try ;  
He never did, He'll never spurn,  
The soul that to His face doth turn.

Where'er I walk, when'er I rise,  
I see the darling friend I prize ;  
In valleys dark, on hill, on plain,  
I never seek his help in vain.

I know not why His love so strong,  
I often did his kindness wrong ;  
I wonder what this being saw,  
His friendship to my soul to draw.

He was so gentle, peaceful, kind,  
And I so wayward, rude, and blind ;  
He so endearing, so sincere,  
I so repulsive did appear.

His kindness overcame my will,  
I mourned 'my conduct was so ill ;  
I wept o'er insults I had done,  
A being who my love had won.



That friend, ah sinner, need I tell,  
You know his lovely title well ;  
That friend is Jesus, God's dear Son,  
Say, hath He your affections won ?

Embrace Him, sinner,—you will find,  
Jesus a friend sincere and kind ;  
And when from death you wake on high,  
He'll prove His friendship in the sky.



## HYMN.

## NECESSITY OF CONSTANT PRAYER.

Pray Christian, pray, your wants are great,  
Firm faith, high hope, and lasting love ;  
God, the great giver, calmly waits,  
To send sweet answers from above.

Pray ! lest the tempter win your heart,  
And paths forbidden lure your feet ;  
Prayer forges armour for each part ;  
Its adaptation forms complete.

Pray ! for the world by wicked lies,  
Would draw you from your father's place ;  
Pray and their vile attempts despise,  
Those enemies to love and grace.

Then for a final conquest pray,  
O'er death to glory and rejoice ;  
Then pass to upper joys away,  
Prayer your last wish, your earliest voice.

## HYMN

## CHRIST AT CALVARY.

When called by Providence to bear,  
Some burden of reproach or care,  
My heart doth full deliverance see  
Purchased by Christ at Calvary.

The pains of mortal life infest,  
This weary frame, this wishful breast,  
From pains my flesh, my soul is free,  
While gazing upon Calvary.

Tall obstacles my way confuse,  
I fear my hopes of heaven to lose ;  
Lord ! how can I an outcast be,  
If joined to Christ at Calvary.

When pleasures from my prospects fly,  
And all delighting comforts die ;  
I dwell on sorrows borne by thee,  
Thou Saviour Christ on Calvary.

Conscience recalls my former vows,  
My faith in Jesus to arouse ;  
When Satan hides thy Love from me,  
I pray to Christ on Calvary.

My Soul neglects thy sacred law,  
The sweet salvation once she saw ;  
Earth's vile allurements fail and flee,  
While loving Christ at Calvary.

If starving poverty be mine,  
I cannot, fed by grace decline ;  
I'll praise the mercy rich and free,  
Which comes from Christ at Calvary.

Sweet Jesus ! till I tread no more,  
This fading scene, this changeeful shore,  
My spirit shall rejoice in thee,  
Thou precious Christ at Calvary.

And when translated with thy love,  
I stand on heavenly hills above,  
Ceaseless I'll sing thy love to me,  
My glory, Christ at Calvary.

## SONNET.

Courted by balmy gales that fan the brow,  
Of green acclivities, the eagle flies ;  
Deserts his banquet in the vale below,  
Upwards, still upwards ; see he marks the skies,  
Past rugged mount, and winding rough defile,  
Where timid goats pass the delightful day,  
And gloomy pyramid of rocks, a pile,  
Blest by the sun's most beauteous, parting ray,  
He drinks the moisture of the mountain rills,  
Ere they descend to cool the sultry plain,  
Soars o'er the towering tops and craggy hills,  
Nor checks his flight to touch the vale again ;  
Thus the freed soul soars from her earth-born clod,  
Lost to the world, but present with her God.

## HYMN.

## THE BOUNTIES OF OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Father ! thou hast a feast prepared,  
Thus, we unfaithful souls are spared,  
While sinners of a gentler race,  
Died utter strangers to thy grace.

We were as vile, as vain as they,  
Loved thy just laws to disobey,  
And daily from thy favours flew,  
Some folly to embrace or view.

Father ! eternal praise is thine,  
The soul repentant shant repine,  
Hope, pardon, peace, all heavenly, free,  
In ocean fulness flowed from thee.

These were the fruits of holy love ;  
There are superior joys above ;  
There streams of deathless glory roll,  
From thy dear hand o'er every soul.

## HYMN.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Thy church, oh Jesus, lovely house !  
In ancient promise stands ;  
Here may our praise, and prayers and vows,  
Honour thy sacred hands.

Here is the fulness of thy grace,  
Here thy compassion strong ;  
Here the sweet smilings of thy face,  
Here rapture's fervent song.

Thy sons and daughters here confess,  
Thy strong sustaining power ;  
Their arm of peace and joyfulness,  
To this most precious hour.

Jesus, thou son of God, most high,  
Thy glory shall be known,  
O'er this broad world ; throughout the sky,  
Thy spacious splendours shown.

## HYMN.

## COMFORT TO THE AFFLICTED.

Sow ye in tears, in joy shall ye reap ;  
Christians desponding, bewail not your lot ;  
Whether ye labour, or whether ye weep,  
Christ will your priceless inheritance keep,  
Encircle with glory your cot.

Grievous to suffer, sweet to escape ;  
Temporal trials are shadows at best,  
Serving some heavenward prospect to drape,  
As clouds make gloomy some beautiful shape,  
Of tall, sturdy mountains the crest.

If it be long He asks you,—assist,  
Think, if ye can of the length of reward ;  
Then through all dangers your heart will persist,  
Show unto strangers how sweet to enlist,  
Beneath the bright flag of the Lord.

Look to the end while marching along,  
Speak your unflinching devotion around ;  
Glory alone to the valiant belongs,  
Beauties intrinsic of heaven's sweet songs,  
Alone from your lips should resound.

Painless and fearless all shall arise ;  
Garlands of glory your entrance shall strew,  
Tears wiped away from the long weeping eyes,  
Cancelled ! the cause of your terrible sighs,  
Your tongue shall fresh praises pursue.

## HYMN.

GOD WORTHY OF THE SINNER'S CONFIDENCE.

Trust thou in God, for He is sure,  
And all His ways are just and pure ;  
Grace is the portion of His sons,  
And mercy through his precepts runs.

Trust in His statutes, and be wise,  
There knowledge in abundance lies ;  
How pleasant to pursue the road,  
Directed and made bright by God.

Trust in his promise, and rejoice,  
God uses no deceitful voice ;  
Joys He has promised shall appear,  
Though saints should falter, tremble, fear.

Trust in His grace, His saving grace,  
To see Jehovah face to face ;  
He gave His son, and will bestow,  
Inferior blessings here below.

Trust in the gospel of His son,  
The full salvation He hath won ;  
Lord, we would trust thee ; now impart,  
Strong confidence to every heart.



## HYMN.

## REST IN HEAVEN.

How happy is the soul at rest,  
On God's dear arm, on Jesus' breast ;  
There comes no anguish, want, or care,  
Christ, its sweet portion, all, is there.

There pains, necessities, and woes,  
Their reign of long affliction close ;  
Rapture and mercy, hope and grace,  
His doubts dispel, his sins efface.

The mighty Counsellor and King,  
Deserves the honours that we bring ;  
He loved us when His love we scorned,  
And sadly our rebellion mourned.

My soul shall on His arm abide,  
I have no other rest beside ;  
Thus heaven is mine by faith and love,  
Till I its glory see above.

## HYMN.

## FAITH.

Faith is the Pisgah-height to man,  
Where Canaan's cloudless glories shine ;  
There may his soul her prospects scan,  
And say that promised glory's mine.

Soon my probation here shall cease,  
My time forever all be o'er ;  
And an eternity of peace  
Succeed my toil, on yonder shore.

There sit my kindred clothed in white,  
More noble than a monarch's name ;  
There a vast company so bright,  
Their robes seem woven all of flame.

And in their midst the spotless Lamb,  
The centre of immortal praise ;  
Loud hallelujahs, glory's psalm,  
His saints in joyous concord raise.

To pass death's river, faith is strong,  
Love urges her glad pinions there ;  
Hark ! she hath heard the heavenly song,  
Hark ! she the heavenly song doth share.

## HYMN.

## THE PLEASURES OF SERVING THE REDEEMER.

I will be glad, and serve my God ;  
His praise is my delight ;  
Ye who temptation's paths have trod,  
Come and enjoy the sight.

Broad as a river rolls His grace,  
To glory as the sea ;  
How dreary were this desert place,  
If unrefreshed by Thee.

Flowers embellish all the way,  
And fragrance stores the air ;  
How bright the crystal waters play !  
The breezes, oh how fair !

I'll launch my shallop on the stream,  
And float to seas above ;  
Where glory's cloudless sunshine gleams,  
And every zephyr's love.

## HYMN.

## SELFISHNESS AKIN TO IDOLATRY.

Lord, may Thy love prevent  
From vile idolatry,  
The powers Thy gracious mercy lent,  
To serve and worship Thee.

Through all the earth, the rites  
Of impious worship rise ;  
And man, with selfish zeal invites  
The honours of the skies.

All idols bright and base,  
Worshipped by lust alone,  
Are vile as those the heathen raise,  
The lifeless forms of stone.

Draw us to worship Thee,  
With hearts constrained by love ;  
Then shall our forms of service be  
Suited to those above.

## HYMN.

## RETURN OF THE SINNER TO GOD.

For Zion's sake the Lord proclaims  
The message of His grace abroad ;  
Rise, sinners, from your bonds and shame,  
Hail the arrival of your God.

“ I will not hold my peace,” (He says,)  
“ Until the righteousness is known,”  
How glorious are His works and ways !  
What consolations are His own !

If such His grace, and such His will,  
Why will ye, sinners, dwell in death ?  
Know, your return He waits for still,  
And for your pleadings grants you breath.

That God who stands to rescue now,  
Shall sit in judgment when above ;  
Then must ye 'neath his vengeance bow,  
If ye to death refuse His love.

## HYMN.

“ IT IS I.”

The clouds hang in darkness, no beauty is near,  
No sounds of rejoicing, no music I hear ;  
The rough tempest lowers, athwart the dim sky,  
The clouds drop in showers, Christ says, “ It is I.”

From doubts and from dangers His mercies invite,  
Oppressed and disheartened, lo ! Christ is in  
sight ;

In my sorrowful story, His face I descry,  
From His palace in glory, He says, “ It is I.”

Should I falter and stumble on poverty's brink,  
Of the riches of Jesus I'm tempted to think ;  
When passion runs riot, and faith seems to die,  
My rude heart to quiet, Christ says, “ It is I.”

In perils and evils, engendered by sin,  
A word from the Saviour wakes rapture within ;  
Thus always, forever, on Christ I rely,  
To each meek endeavour, He says, “ It is I.”

Oh, when by death summoned, this body I leave,  
Forbid me, blest Jesus, to weep or to grieve ;  
But steadily rising, hear burst from the sky,  
In beauty surprising, the voice, “ It is I.”

## HYMN.

LIFE AFFLICTIVE, HEAVEN ENRAPTURING AND HOLY.

Why should we love to linger here,  
In this cold house of clay,  
Since life is but a smile, a tear,  
As quickly passed away.

The harvest hath its golden fruits,  
The summer its perfume,  
And learning may her rare pursuits  
Relinquish, or resume.

Sealed in the grave we soon forget,  
What life-long study gained ;  
The ear in icy stillness set,  
Is startled, pleased, nor pained.

But there's a life serener, high,  
More beauteous, fixed, and bright ;  
Thither the Christian's languid eye,  
Turns, and adores the sight.

Oh, might I tell its meanest charms,  
How should I sweep my lyre ;  
Press, Christian, to thy Saviour's arms,  
And catch the expectant fire.

## EVENING HYMN.

Now I retire from turmoil, care,  
To breathe my humble evening prayer ;  
Lord ! in Thy mercy hear my plea,  
And make that mercy felt by me.

How sweet to slumber and recline,  
On Thy soft breast, Thy arm divine ;  
This night Thy former kindness prove,  
And all frivolities remove.

Let no rude fear disturb my rest,  
No pang intrude within my breast ;  
No relics of laborious life,  
Harass my spirit with their strife.

Grant my tranquility to be,  
A type, though faint, of heaven and Thee ;  
So may my every night disclose,  
Some fitness for my last repose.



## HYMN.

## TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Small though my treasure here,  
Above my treasures lie ;  
No wicked hand can wrest them there,  
Beneath my Saviour's eye.

He purchased it with love,  
And while His love endures,  
No man or angel may remove,  
That which His power secures.

It hourly beauteous grows,  
And shall at death be mine ;  
To count while love celestial flows,  
And Jesus is divine.

Forever this must be,  
My life is joined to His ;  
Unending as eternity,  
The Christian's glory is.

## HYMN.

## THE SINNER TRIUMPHANT THROUGH GRACE.

Marvel not if sinners hate you,  
Saints ! by Jesus called and loved ;  
Pain and evil may await you,  
Never from your faith be moved.  
Jesus strengthens ;  
Never from your faith be moved.

You have passed from wrath to favor ;  
Praises to a Saviour's name !  
Fear not, faint not, never waver,  
Press to glory and the Lamb.  
Saints reluctant !  
Press to glory and the Lamb.

Death, the last of foes shall perish,  
Under your victorious faith ;  
Such a faith all saints should cherish,  
Conqueror of sin and death.  
Noble victor !  
Conqueror of sin and death.

Then your pains, your troubles ended,  
Nought remains but rest above ;  
Such hath mortal tongue transcended,  
Such is the reward of love.  
Bright enjoyment !  
Such is the reward of love.

## HYMN.

## PROGRESS IN FAITH.

Faint o'er the eastern hill,  
The morning sunshine creeps;  
Calm, beauteous, gradual, and still,  
Its glorious progress keeps.

High in the rosy skies  
It glimmers, then extends;  
Plain, mountain, pasturage it dyes,  
There floods of splendour sends.

The fragrance from the earth,  
The music from the trees,  
Rolls in incessant fulness forth,  
And flutters on the breeze.

Thus gradual and slow,  
Our faith in Christ doth rise;  
Till, compassing all good below.  
It fills with joy the skies.

## HYMN.

## THE SWEETNESS OF COMMUNION WITH SAINTS.

There is a calmness fills the place,  
Where saints, convoked by Jesus come,  
To talk of love, and hope, and grace,  
Companions to a heavenly home.

Each spirit loves in unison,  
Their hymns in grateful concord rise,  
Each renders homage to the Son,  
Their source of rapture in the skies.

Their songs are sweet, but sacred love,  
Is sweeter than these hymns express ;  
Their souls are set on things above,  
Not trifles which the vain caress.

They meditate on all the good,  
Which ministers their comfort now ;  
For home, for kindred, friendship, food,  
To God, while humbly praising, bow.

## HYMN.

WAITING FOR THE APPEARANCE OF THE LORD.

We long like Simeon to behold,  
Thy blest salvation, Lord, draw nigh,  
(By prophecy and type foretold,)  
Our passport to the land on high.

Within Thy temple, Lord, we wait,  
And strive to catch a distant ray;  
Strong faith in every soul create,  
And purge our wicked doubts away.

Like Simeon, let our arms embrace  
The child,—Christ Jesus, and rejoice;  
The wide extension of His grace,  
Wins the sweet praise of soul and voice.

In peace, we servants would depart,  
To joy exalted and divine;  
Jesus, the service of our heart,  
To everlasting shall be Thine.

## HYMN.

## SECURITY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Let wars and tumults rock the land,  
And oceans wear away the sand,  
Still in my Saviour I'm secure,  
His love, His darling love is sure.

Sure at all seasons,—morn and night,  
Are equal to His glory,—bright ;  
Summer and winter, shew the same,  
Rich tide of blessings by His name.

Ah, were this world combined my foe,  
I could to his dear bosom go ;  
And there unfailing blessings find,  
From a sweet Saviour, true and kind.

This world a thousand foes contains,  
And every foe imparts my pains ;  
But in His calm, refreshing breast,  
There's comfort, glory, joy, and rest.

## HYMN.

## HOPING FOR HEAVEN.

Fair land, where my spirit is hasting,  
I long to thy haven to fly ;  
There beings of beauty are tasting,  
The fruits of Christ's favor on high.

Though cumbered and wayworn and weary,  
My soul is refreshed by His love ;  
Who bends from its borders to cheer me,  
'Till seated in rapture above.

To every sincere resolution,  
Some thwarting occurrence I find ;  
The world is a scene of pollution,  
Our very best love is unkind.

No wonder the soul is found longing,  
For mansions of beauty and light ;  
Where angels and seraphs are thronging  
The portals and pavements so bright.

Dear Jesus, dear Jesus, the splendour,  
Of Paradise kindles my love ;  
My homage, oh soon may I render,  
To Thee, 'mid Thy angels above.

## HYMN.

## PARTIAL HAPPINESS OF THE SAINT IN PROBATION.

The saints but partial glory see,  
While journeying to heaven and Thee ;  
A lingering lust, a wandering pain,  
Recur's their surveys to restrain.

Now they desire to see Thy face.  
And flourish in Thy heavenly place ;  
Now faith their flattering souls inspires,  
By visions of their blest desires.

This flesh shall crumble to its clay,  
This world's great glory pass away,  
Arrangements, beauties, arts decline,  
Beneath the power of God divine.

Then shall they rise to lands above,  
And flourish on Jehovah's love ;  
Corruption ne'er their joys obscure,  
For they through Jesus all are pure.



## HYMN.

## EARTH INSIGNIFICANT COMPARED TO HEAVEN.

Ye splendid prospects, earthly scenes,  
Which with fair beauty intervene,  
    'Twixt my dear Lord and me ;  
Pass from before my charmed sight,  
That Jesus, clothed in robes of light,  
    I may with rapture see.

My soul is breaking for the sound,  
To roll along the tedious ground,—  
    “Come sinner ! here is peace ;  
“Not like the pleasures men produce,  
“To perish in their early use,  
    “But joy to never cease.”

Ah, yes ! I hear that happy voice,  
My soul ! in that sweet strain rejoice ;  
    It is thy heavenward call ;  
Obey the message you receive,  
Be glad, comply, accept, believe,  
    And yield your God your all.

Then hark ! the whisper now is here,  
“Soul ! cast away your sorrow, fear,  
    “I'll clothe you with my love ;  
“I will that you such glory own,  
“As wanders from my heavenly throne,  
    “Come, soul ! oh come above.”

## HYMN.

## CHRIST SUFFERING FOR SINNERS.

Thou careless sinner ! come and view,  
The Saviour upon Calvary ;  
All the sharp pains, the scorn He knew,  
He witnessed and endured for thee.

Ah yes, for thee He took our clay,  
For thee He bore neglect and shame,  
For thee He poured His life away,  
A sacrifice for sins became.

And what dost thou return his love ?  
What gift of grateful pleasure bring ;  
Angels declare that Lord above,  
To be their Father and their King.

'Twas but for man, for man undone,  
Such acts of holy love were shewn ;  
Thou sinner ! haste, to Jesus run,  
There let thy grateful love be known.

## HYMN.

## COMFORT TO THE PILGRIM ZIONWARD.

No more as Zion's exiles, we  
Walk joyless up life's rugged steep ;  
Christ is our light, our glory,—He  
Doth us through long afflictions keep.

The day once distant, now so near,  
Seems breaking o'er the eastern hill ;  
At its bright dawn shall disappear,  
Each pain, each trouble, doubt and ill.

The saints from earth's great quarters come,  
To swell the concert of His praise,  
To His celebrity and home,  
Appropriate songs of honour raise.

Faith whispers to each heart,—thy God  
“Has called, and will convey thee there,  
“If thou wilt follow up the road,  
“And Christ's appointed burden bear.”

## HYMN.

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

How pleasant 'tis in love to meet,  
Our fellow-kinsmen of the flesh ;  
Our Saviour's mercies to repeat,  
And thus our faith and hope refresh.

His gifts of goodness ne'er reduce,  
His mercy's all abundant store ;  
Thousands we subject to abuse,  
Yet He affords us thousands more.

Employment how delightful ! thus  
To wander o'er his path's of love,  
Conscious He hath prepared for us,  
Some purer, higher joys above.

Gladly we breast the world anew,  
In expectation of the day ;  
The crown of glory we'll pursue,  
'Till borne to heavenly joys away.

## HYMN.

## GOD'S COVENANT WITH HIS PEOPLE.

“This is my covenant,” saith God.

“Here witness my attesting hand ;

“They who my paths of honor tread,

“Shall in eternal glory stand.

“I raise the humble, I abase

“The boastful to humility ;

“I spread my mercy, hope, and grace,

“O'er island, continent, and sea.

“Proud are my messengers to fly

“Through the vast universe, and tell,

“The glory of the saints on high,

“The agony of souls in hell.

“Forever ! is the term of mine

“Almighty and unfailing love ;

“Sinner ! this endless love is thine,

“If thou for pardon ask above.”

## HYMN.

## THE WAY OF PEACE.

The way of peace, ah, who may tread ?  
Mortal is this thy quest sincere ;  
All who the Saviour's precepts read,  
Discover the instruction there.

A narrow way ! yet plain and straight,  
'Tis wonderful one soul should stray ;  
High at its close, the heavenly gate,  
Stands open in perpetual day.

The way of peace invites us on,  
When once we enter its confines ;  
It bids our darkest doubts begone,  
For there the Saviour's presence shines.

Souls unregenerate and base,  
May miss the path, and stumbling, die ;  
Whilst they who walk love's peaceful ways,  
Shall reach their glory in the sky.

## HYMN.

## ZEAL IN THE SERVICE OF IMMANUEL.

Men of Israel ! Ye who joy,  
In your Father's sweet employ,  
Let your service wide attest,  
That in Jesus, ye are blest.

'Tis in Him ye live and move,  
By Him hope to sit above ;  
Through Him for full pardon plead,  
Of Him may rejoice indeed.

Multiply your acts of praise,  
Here increase your holy lays ;  
In the concourse of His friends,  
Bless Him for the gifts He sends.

Joyful season ! we shall come,  
After all, to God at home ;  
Endless shall our glory prove,  
Jesus bears unending love.

## HYMN.

## HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

The saints when translated above,  
How happy with Jesus to meet ;  
To rest on the bosom of love,  
Say, will not the blessing be sweet.

No groans, nor entreaties, nor sighs,  
Shall ever intrude on their joy ;  
No anguish and sorrow arise,  
Their intercourse then to annoy.

The tears in their pilgrimage shed,  
Shall never in paradise fall ;  
The sickness of heart and of head,  
Shall never their pleasures appal.

Thrice happy ! thrice happy ! the saint,  
Whose home is forever on high ;  
His love ne'er shall falter or faint,  
His soul from her palaces fly.

The river of life, is her bliss,  
The sunshine of heaven, her rest ;  
O, Saviour, my spirit dismiss,  
To wander and praise with the blest.



## HYMN.

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

The soul that resteth on the Lord,  
Has peace on earth, in heaven reward;  
No arm shall shake it, or remove  
Its strong foundation, rock of love.

Come grief, confusion, or dismay,  
God banishes its fears away;  
The splendors of his glory shed,  
Light all around, all overhead.

It cannot languish, thus sustained,  
God hath its joy, its strength retained;  
He grants some grateful, sweet supplies,  
When foes surround, when dangers rise.

His latest accents breathed below,  
His steadfast strength, his comfort show;  
Borne to his glorious God above,  
He leans forever on His love.

## HYMN.

## THE PROMISES OF GOD.

Mountains may from their beds depart,  
From their foundations hills be moved ;  
His kindness shall not leave the heart  
The everlasting Father loved.

Hath He not spoken comfort sweet,  
Hath He not promised to defend,  
To those who gather at His feet,  
And those who style Him, Father, friend.

What He hath spoken He'll maintain ;  
What He hath promised shall appear ;  
His tongue ne'er utters language vain,  
His promises ne'er fail through fear.

We may rely upon His word,  
If providence be dark or bright ;  
'Twill quiet doubt to know the Lord,  
Doth lead us thus to glory's light.

He orders and ordains our ways,  
He leads us to a final rest,  
Where we may sing unbroken praise,  
Where we may reign with Jesus, blest.

## HYMN.

## THE DANGEROUS CONDITION OF THE UNREGENERATE.

We sleep while death invades  
The premises of friends ;  
While healthful bloom to pallor fades,  
Beauty to dust descends.

Thus, while sin's dreadful state,  
Doth, unrelieved possess  
Some cherished heart, we, careless wait,  
'Till hope is less and less.

Those hearts some feeling own,  
It faileth every day ;  
Well might we their dread state bemoan,  
For their deliverance pray.

Let us the remedy,  
Persuade these souls to use ;  
Then may they their condition see,  
Nor life eternal lose.

## HYMN.

## AFFLICTIONS TEMPORARY TO THE SAINT.

Our light afflictions earthward press,  
And wound the timid nature long ;  
Thence we arise to joyfulness,  
And make deliverance our song.

They work our glory when we pass,  
From this secluded, changeful spot ;  
Each Christian aid from Jesus has,  
Or Jesus would be oft forgot.

Eternal weight of glory ! high,  
Unmeasured, beautiful, and grand ;  
Why, oh my gentle Saviour, why,  
Does my sad heart thus distant stand.

Press on, my flagging spirit, fly,  
Eternity is just above ;  
Will you in wretched anguish lie,  
When you might sweetly rest in love.

## HYMN.

## THE REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

A crown of stars ! all richly set,  
How beautiful, how bright ;  
Each doth some different ray beget,  
And every gem is light.

A crown of stars ! by Jesus given,  
How valuable the price,  
That purchased this choice gift of heaven ;  
Christ's blood a sacrifice !

Unworthy I to self appear,  
While on His love I gaze ;  
And mercy's pleasant music hear,  
'Mid sin's obscuring haze.

But Christ, with His own love shall give,  
That glorious crown to me ;  
Now let me on His promise live,  
'Till I His glory see.

## HYMN.

## CHRIST LOVELY AND PRECIOUS.

Christ is precious, Christ is lovely,  
Many souls abuse His love ;  
Wander in the paths unholy,  
Never to ascend above ;  
Lack of wisdom !  
To abuse a Saviour's love.

Guilt alone is our possession,  
Christ would pardon, Christ would save ;  
Pardon each unkind transgression ;  
Will ye this dear pardon have ?  
Awful insult !  
Will ye Hell's delusion crave ?

Turn not from the source of favor,  
To a world conceived in sin ;  
Say ye will serve Christ forever,  
Sinners ! now in love begin ;  
Oh how blessed !  
Crowns of endless joy to win !

When by angels heavenward taken,  
Earth will vanish from your eyes,  
Ye will not be then forsaken,  
He will cheer ye from the skies ;  
Bright departure !  
Sinners ! to His glory rise.

## HYMN.

## JESUS OFFERING HOPE AND PEACE.

Jesus calls us to His glory,  
Hear the music of His voice ;  
Hark to His delightful story,—  
“Sinner ! in My love rejoice.”

Saints and angels bow before Him,  
Shouting His immortal praise ;  
Shining seraphs there adore Him,  
Hymns of highest rapture raise.

See ! He stands with arms extended,  
On that bosom sorrow dies ;  
Let us by His grace befriended,  
Happy to His glory rise.

Let us not delay the meeting,  
Soul with Saviour, faith with love ;  
But His favor-gifts repeating,  
Fly to His sweet rest above.

## HYMN.

THE SOUL ESTABLISHED UPON CHRIST'S IMMUTABILITY.

Decay has laid her mouldering hand,  
On all things mutable ;  
Like buildings reared upon the sand,  
They totter, break, and fall.

These tenements, which, warm, contain,  
The soul that cannot die,  
Shall soon relapse to earth again,  
Where their dear kindred lie.

But its bright occupant shall fly,  
To happy scenes above ;  
And there, 'mid kindred glories lie,  
Calm on the breast of love.

Beloved of Jesus, it has laid  
Its faith upon His breast ;  
And thus, on sweetest comfort stay'd,  
It mounts to sweetest rest.



# HYMN.

## ACCESSIONS OF GLORY TO THE CHURCH.

To Zion's green and spacious mount,  
 Accessions of new glories come ;  
 There, saints, Thy mercies, Lord, recount,  
 And haste, in beauty, heavenward, home.

Each quarter of the globe supplies  
 Some quickened stranger to Thy grace ;  
 The ample riches of the skies,  
 Are welcomed by a ruined race.

Jesus, Thy love leads souls to sing  
 Of pardon, peace, and hope of heaven ;  
 And to the mount of mercy bring,  
 The story of their sins forgiven.

Dear Zion shall adorn and bless  
 This earth, till days millennial rise ;  
 And saints shall sing her holiness,  
 When seated perfect in the skies.

## HYMN.

## RELIGION.

Religion is the modest flower,  
In some secluded, quiet scene ;  
Though fragile, yet possessed of power,  
That animates its stem unseen.

Oft unobserved, and thus unknown,  
It sheds its scent, and shows its dyes ;  
Perhaps, of its sweet race, alone  
To beautify the place it rise.

Each wandering zephyr bears away  
Some perfume from its velvet lips ;  
The bee that thither loves to stray,  
There a delightful sweetness sips.

Perchance to some far-distant place,  
Its fragrance, gently wafted, goes ;  
They who may not the zephyr trace,  
Know it has visited a rose.

Thus the sweet fragrance of that love,  
That quickens the repentant heart,  
Doth God's delightful presence prove,  
And to the faithful, joy impart.

## HYMN.

## CALL TO REPENTANCE AND PEACE.

Sinner ! Is it well with thee ?  
Jesus puts the question now ;  
Lord of highest glory, He,  
How compassionate to bow.

For thy own eternal good,  
He solicits a reply ;  
Once His statutes thou withstood,  
Dost thou now His grace deny.

See ! He lingers, lingers near,  
Oh how lovely is His grace !  
See ! there trickles oft a tear,  
Down his mild, benignant face.

Soon I fear He will depart,  
If thou the reply postpone ;  
Now in look, in voice, in heart,  
Thy sad situation own.

Thou art happy in His breast,  
Blessedness thy heart attends ;  
Daily to His mount of rest,  
Joyful thy swift feet ascend.

## HYMN.

## CHRIST THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

Could Jesus fluctuate, to whom  
Should man's abandoned spirit fly  
For shelter, when the storm shall come,  
To rock the globe, and rend the sky.

His covenant with His faithful sons,  
Eternal as His glory is ;  
The deeds His holy hands have done,  
Confirm His holy promises.

Unchangeable their hope must be,  
Since Christ's unchanging love is theirs ;  
Termless as bright eternity,  
It owns no cycles and no years.

Jesus will keep His promise well,  
His covenant, as His love is firm,  
Pure, glorious indestructible,  
To save from vengeance, wrath, and storm.

## HYMN.

## CALL TO REJOICING IN LOVE.

Why should the Christian be shrouded with  
sorrow,  
Why should he mourn 'neath the ills which  
invade,  
Dark is the present, but wait for the morrow,  
Wait till its brightness disperseth the shade.

Will it disperse it? Oh doubt not,—the finger  
That governs the universe, governs thy lot;  
Will it disperse it? beneath the cross linger,  
Thou art not safe when away from that spot.

Thy light is come if the saviour thou lovest,  
No light so pure as the light from his brow!  
Thy light is come if thy conduct approvest,  
Thy solitude prayer and thy consecrate vow.

Thy light is come if thy friendship is given,  
Full, free, unreserved to the Father above;  
Thy light is come, if thy treasure's in heaven,  
Concentred in mercy, encompassed by love.

## HYMN.

## SOLICITING THE GRACE OF THE SAVIOUR.

Before the Lord our hearts we place,  
Sick, careless, destitute of grace ;  
Oh that our Father would declare,  
His majesty and glory there.

When He beholds the sinner bent,  
Hears him in agony repent,  
Joy thrills His heart, the heavens resound,  
The tidings of a sinner found.

Once at His feet, He loves to grant,  
That grace for which believers pant ;  
Knowing that we are frail and faint,  
His special strength attends the saint.

Up, up to glory in the skies,  
He helps the toiling saint to rise ;  
The last below, the first above,  
Of toil and triumph is of love.

## HYMN.

## THE MERCY OF GOD THE FATHER.

Behold what love the Father bore,  
To a rebelling race ;  
Of mercy, an abundant store,  
And large amount of grace.

As children of the food partake,  
Their gentle parents give ;  
We are received for Jesus' sake,  
And on His mercies live.

Impartial is His love to us,  
The terms of pardon, sweet ;  
Gentle the bands of righteousness,  
And in His strength, complete.

Our duty and our pleasure too,  
Is strong and faithful love,  
Which daily will but brighter grow,  
As we to glory move.

## HYMN.

THE COURTS OF THE LORD ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL.

Within Thy sacred courts,  
My sweetest hours I spend ;  
There Thy meek saint with praise resorts,  
There Thy unfaltering friend.

Passion forbears her part,  
And rude resentment dies ;  
Eternal love in every heart,  
Eternal joy supplies.

The angels bend to see,  
A sight so calm, so fair ;  
And hover from eternity,  
To lend their glory there.

God with delight surveys,  
The homage that I give ;  
How happy are my earthly days,  
While near His throne I live.

But when redeemed by grace,  
I look on Him above,  
No danger shall my rest displace,  
Or dim my burning love.



## HYMN.

## THE ONLY WAY TO HEAVEN.

God hath appointed for the race,  
A road to glory, ample, free ;  
Behold ! it is accepted grace,  
A road the very blind may see.

Jesus conducts the soul along,  
Consenting mercy to accept ;  
His love is saving, rich, and strong,  
His love hath thousand sinners kept.

How sweet His conversation flows,  
How grateful to commune with God ;  
He all my secret sorrow knows ;  
Jesus affliction's journey trod.

How can I wander whilst with Him ?  
Would Jesus lead my soul astray ?  
Can heavenly glory e'er be dim,  
While walking up the heavenly way.

Accepted grace ! this is the path,  
That closes in a happy state ;  
Beyond its borders burns His wrath,  
In terror as His mercy,—great.

## HYMN.

## GOD'S VINEYARD UNFRUITFUL.

Saviour ! Thy vineyard droops and fades,  
No more the weary pilgrim shades ;  
No wholesome fruit, no cheering wine,  
In plenty flows, in beauty shine.

Send cheerful showers, abundant rain,  
'Till earth no moisture can contain ;  
The sunshine of Thy mercy pour,  
Her pillars and her worship o'er.

Thy course of kindness there resume,  
Her barrenness restore to bloom,  
Give ear unto her grievous cries,  
Let comforts answer to her cries.

Then will Thy vineyard thrive and shine,  
Abundant in her fruit and vine ;  
Then will Thy Zion's glories rise,  
In swift succession to the skies.

## HYMN.

REJOICING IN PROSPECT OF DELIVERANCE FROM SIN.

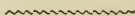
Restorer of happiness, Saviour above,  
Exalt the sad hearts of Thy servants below ;  
Refresh them with draughts of Thy plenteous  
love,  
And bid their rejoicings like rivers o'erflow.

The fruits which they pluck nought but ashes  
contain,  
The waters they drink how unpleasant they  
are ;  
They pant some sweet rill with Thy pleasure to  
drain,  
Some heart-cheering fruitage to pluck and to  
share.

They groan in deep gloom, in the valley they toil,  
Oh how they have longed, and do long to  
ascend,  
Where dimness and dampness obscure not, or  
soil,  
And pinions of glory enrapturing bend.

Saints wish for the dawning, the beautiful day,  
Millennial glory ! oh when shall it rise,  
To banish the banners of darkness away,  
And usher bright legions through jubilant  
skies.

Redeemer and Ruler, Restorer and King,  
In swift revolution produce those dear days ;  
When all 'neath the skies and above them shall  
bring,  
Some fruits to Thy glory, some songs to Thy  
praise.



## HYMN.

## JESUS THE LIGHT OF NATIONS.

Saviour ! Morning-star arise !  
Dark and dreary is the night ;  
O'er the dimness of the skies,  
Stream Thy ever-glorious light.

Superstition holds her sway,  
Souls the subject of her power ;  
Danger, terror, and dismay,  
Linger round this dreadful hour.

Saviour ! shed Thy gracious smile,  
Over mountain, lake and sea ;  
Let each long neglected isle,  
Circled with Thy glory be.

May the sons of guilt and gloom,  
Run, Thy rising ray to meet ;  
'Till there scarcely shall be room,  
For the weary pilgrim's feet.

Then, in Thy capacious love,  
Take them to Thy beauteous skies, —  
Land of life and joy above ;  
Saviour ! Morning Star arise.



## HYMN.

## ZION'S CONQUESTS.

Break forth into singing, ye mountains of old,  
Send up your delectable strains ;  
The glories of Zion, God's heavenly fold,  
No more shall be plucked at or slavishly sold,  
Her wealth doth surpass sceptres, kingdoms and  
gold,  
And souls are her costliest gain.

The potsherds of earth for dominion may strive,  
And revel in impotent glee ;  
Jehovah hath harnessed His powerful car,  
He snuffs up the breath of His foes from afar,  
Sends lightnings and earthquakes their conquests  
to mar,  
While death wins his prey as they flee.

Their efforts He frustrates, exposes their signs,  
Their symbols of power confounds ;  
He pitcheth His tent on their desolate lines,  
Destroys their high forests, untraileth their  
vines,  
Their tall habitations to ruin consigns,  
And blasts the rich fruit of their grounds.

Lo ! Israel rises in splendour and might,  
In lands of oppression and shame ;  
The lustre of morning succeedeth her night,  
The beauty of fruitage her desolate blight,  
The path of her leader is pleasant and bright,  
And heaven her ultimate aim.

The cities of Judah, Jehovah will build,  
Her palaces plundered shall spring ;  
Refreshed with the blood in her sufferings spilled,  
Her borders with stateliest sights shall be filled,  
Her enemies broken, or powerless, stilled,  
Shall bow to her Helper and King.

## HYMN.

## CONFESSIONS OF INGRATITUDE.

Adorable Saviour ! I here would confess,  
My lengthened unkindness, my diffidence cold ;  
Each day that has dawned found my gratitude  
    less,  
My heart in persisting impenitence bold.

As zephyrs soft murmur Thy spirit did'st steal,  
On the rough icy caverns my heart has com-  
    prised ;  
In their frozen abysses self-love did conceal,  
The idols her senseless adoption baptized.

It breathed, — and my soul in rejection grew  
    dark,  
My conscience reproached me,—oh sorrowful  
    state ;  
Quenched was it forever that glorious spark,  
Did my soul from her lethargy waken too late ?

Oh, no ! there is mercy, I feel it, I know ;  
The Saviour has welcomed with smiles my  
    return  
There is hope, there is joy, there are blessings  
    below,  
I feel in my heart that they cluster and burn.

## HYMN.

“ THAT WHICH REMAINETH IS GLORIOUS.”

That which remaineth is glorious,  
Jesus the banquet hath spread ;  
Sinners by faith made victorious,  
Upward to glory are led.

On His dear bosom reclining,  
Anguish and want bid adieu ;  
There is the sunlight's clear shining,  
There the broad archway of blue.

Angels ascending, descending,  
Carry their burdens to God ;  
Chorus with choir-note blending,  
Chaunt the cold dust to its sod.

Upward, still up to the mountain,  
Reared in the heavens it soars ;  
Up to the clear crystal fountains,  
Bubbling from Paradise shores.

Hark ! not a sigh, not a murmur,  
Ruffles its roseate wings ;  
Soft as the breezes of summer,  
Sails the freed soul as it sings.

That which remaineth is glorious,  
Is the new theme of its lays ;  
Jesus hath made it victorious,  
Jesus deserveth the praise.



## HYMN.

## TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

Thou city of glory arise !  
In thee is Jehovah's delight ;  
Thy rulers are holy and wise,  
And saints may rejoice in their sight.

The Lord in His beauty and strength,  
Has founded thy pillars in peace ;  
He fixes thy breadth and thy length,  
Thy splendors shall surely increase.

The Gentile shall come at His voice,  
And join in Thy jubilant praise ;  
And deserts of darkness rejoice,  
Beneath the bright reign of thy days.

The mighty Thy councils attend,  
And dignities plead for Thy love ;  
E'en kings for Thy diadem bend,  
And press for the prizes above.

Delightful duration of joy,  
Advance it my God and my King ;  
Dominions of darkness destroy,  
And saints to Thy blessedness bring.

## HYMN.

## THE DOVE OF THE DELUGE.

The dove that left the ancient ark,  
With buoyant wing the floods to trace,  
Found not o'er lengthened leagues a mark  
Of earth, a pleasant resting place.

With ease she traversed waters dim,  
And soared the tallest mountains o'er ;  
She found of continent no rim,  
Of island no salubrious shore.

Again the fair explorer flew,  
And with an olive leaf returned ;  
The Patriarch the token knew,  
Its large significance had learned.

Thus from the soul convinced of sin,  
Hope leaves her tenement to fly ;  
Conscious of no calm rest within,  
She ventures to explore the sky.

Though Satan baffle oft her mark,  
She gains the olive leaf of rest ;  
And back to faith's unbroken ark,  
Wings her calm way, and happy breast.

## HYMN.

## THE HEIRSHIP OF THE SAINTS WITH CHRIST.

Because ye are sons ye are waiting the voice,  
Employed by your Father, to call you above;  
Ye cannot, while absent, completely rejoice,  
God's children are joyous at home in His love.

If sons of the Saviour, then heirs of His crown,  
O, thought all transporting to sinners so vile;  
Ye who might so justly have dwelt 'neath His  
frown,  
Permitted to rest 'neath His favor and smile.

Yes, heirs of His kingdoms, the dwellings of light,  
Are garnished for your great reception on high,  
And angels, with garments all beautiful bright,  
To clothe and adorn ye, from Paradise fly.

Scarce, scarce is the body deposited here,  
'Mid scenes of corruption, 'mid signs of decay,  
Ere spirits exultant from glory appear,  
To bear the glad soul to its Saviour away.

Ye pass to His presence at once and reside  
In mansions eternal, in cities of rest;  
There shall ye forever with Jesus abide,  
And be in His favor eternally blest.

The fruits of your sonship forever shall bring,  
New honors upon your bright brow to descend;  
And angels, commissioned by Jesus, their King,  
Forever upon your high movements attend.

## HYMN.

## THE CONSTANT PLEASURES OF THE PIOUS.

The Lord is my strength and my song!  
How beautiful, He, how divine;  
He shelters my spirit from wrong,  
And cheers me when left to repine.

Rejoicings shall gladden my heart,  
Salvation shall be my delight,  
And faith in each desolate part,  
Grow brighter 'till merging in sight.

I feast on the fruits of His grace,  
I flourish upon His right hand;  
I see in the smiles of His face,  
My pledge of a paradise land.

I linger a little below,  
Submissive to God and His love;  
But e'en while I linger, I go,  
To worship my Saviour above.

The passage to heaven is short,  
A sigh, or a farewell, 'tis o'er,  
And I, in His heavenly court,  
Delighted, do praise and adore.

Thus truly my spirit doth find,  
The Saviour's salvation is sweet;  
My God through all changes is kind,  
Since they but conduct to His feet.

## HYMN.

## THE PROSPERITY OF ZION.

Like willows near a water seen,  
Thy Church in beauty stands ;  
Its branches flourishing and green,  
O'erstretch the peaceful lands.

High in its limbs the songsters perch,  
With music store the air ;  
Sweet praises from Thy ancient Church,  
Shed equal rapture there.

Each wave of water feeds the root,  
And makes it flourish strong ;  
So, grace in constant, sweet pursuit,  
Supplies and swells her song.

Oh, happy Church ! thy honor now,  
I'll testify and sing ;  
Thou righteous God, instruct me how,  
I may adore Thee, King.

## HYMN.

CHRIST THE SOURCE OF COMFORT.

By a beautiful river, sad pilgrim and dreary,  
There stands a tall tree, dropping coolness  
and shade ;  
From its boughs, hang in clusters, sweet fruit  
for the weary,  
Ne'er known to diminish, to blight, or to  
fade.

A child or a nation, may sit 'neath its branches,  
A man, or a world, at its roots may recline ;  
E'en the juice of its leaves, the deep running  
wound staunches,  
And the bark, should we pierce, emits fra-  
grance divine.

That tree is the Saviour, and mercy the river,  
Full, bright, always flowing in sweet healthful  
tide ;  
Capacious and rich as the heavenly giver,  
And courting thy soul on its bosom to glide.

Embark, gentle pilgrim ; the tree on its border,  
Bears fruit, joy, and healing to each trembling  
soul ;  
Restores the sad heart from its griefs and dis-  
order,  
And makes the torn spirit eternally whole.

## HYMN.

## THE AFFECTION OF THE SAVIOUR.

The voice of affection,  
How sweet to my soul !  
When seas of dejection,  
Around darkly roll.  
'Tis Jesus consoles me, by whispers of love,  
And sweetly enrolls me for glory above.

My sadness restraining,  
By His kind appeal,  
I lose my complaining,  
In joy that I feel ;  
His grace like good leaven, my soul spreadeth  
through,  
With thirstings for heaven, her hopes to imbue.

I wonder distresses,  
Should ever impel,  
The soul Jesus blesses,  
In mourning to dwell.  
Since Christ is so gracious, his mercy so wide,  
His love so capacious, and God on His side.

But pains and temptations,  
Will press me, I fear,  
Through life's permutations,  
'Till glory is near.

The angel attending, to crumble this clay,  
To God shall be sending my spirit away.

Then upward to Jesus,  
And glory, and light;  
My soul e'en now seizes,  
The promises bright.

How kind His selection, my soul to receive,  
Of such an affection, what soul could conceive.

With sin-smitten blindness,  
I knew of no friend;  
But now on His kindness,  
I hope to ascend.

And mingle my praises with prophets and kings,  
Where love ever blazes, and joy ever sings.



## HYMN.

## THE PATHS OF RELIGION, PEACEFUL.

Religion's paths, they rise to peace,  
How pleasant is our progress there ;  
Joys, every moment new increase ;  
New music wanders o'er the air.

We look where ancient pilgrims trod,  
And strive their footsteps to pursue ;  
We journey to the self-same God,  
Which Moses and the prophets knew.

We walk by faith, by love we rise,  
To clearer air, and purer light ;  
We catch the chorus of the skies,  
And whisper their untold delight.

We have a source of strength within,  
How great the comforts He has given ;  
We run (though oft oppressed by sin,)  
The race that's finished but in heaven.

## HYMN.

## TRUST IN THE LORD.

The soul that trusteth in the Lord,  
How happy is her state;  
And her enduring rich reward,  
How glorious, how great.

No desolation or distress,  
Shall move her from her stand;  
God ever just to save, to bless,  
Supports her by His hand.

Her latest years shall all be crowned,  
With gratitude and praise,  
Her Saviour's blessings shall be found,  
As numerous as her days.

And when her life of trial's o'er,  
Begins the term of love,  
Forever, and forevermore,  
With God and Christ above.

## HYMN.

LINGERING FEARS PAINFUL TO THE WEAK IN FAITH.

How long shall lingering fears conspire,  
To crowd my hopes from heaven and Thee,  
Oh should these wavering hopes expire,  
When shall my trembling nature flee.

Great confidant of hearts in woe,  
I'd humbly, yet with ardor pray;  
(Thou dost my present danger know,)  
Thou wouldst my present danger stay.

Forbid it, since thy love's so wide,  
Despair should such a trophy win;  
And from a Saviour's pardoning side,  
Precipitate a soul in sin.

Move from my heart those fears and foes,  
And fashion all my hopes by love;  
Grant me, in faith, that sweet repose,  
Made perfect in the rest above.

## HYMN.

## CHRIST AN INVITING SAVIOUR.

Come to my arms all things above,  
Creation's glories all are mine;  
Mine is the source, the stream of love,  
By me they rise, revolve or shine.

All stars, all worlds harmonious roll,  
As I direct, as I desire;  
Yet dear is the immortal soul,  
Immortal though all worlds expire.

Commit that precious trust to me,  
And thou shalt ne'er repent the day;  
Never through all eternity,  
Shall fears or foes oppress or slay.

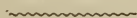
How wise to trust thy God and live,  
Destruction dwells beyond His grace;  
E'en Jesus cannot thee forgive,  
If thou decide to scorn His face.

Still there is mercy in my arms,  
I now invite thee there to dwell;  
For who can bear the dread alarms,  
The agonies of souls in hell.

Come, and I will thy guilt forget,  
Come, and thy hope I will increase;  
Come, for my mercy floweth yet,  
Come, here is pardon, joy, and peace.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A TOMB-STONE.

The hand that bears us up,  
The crown of glory gives ;  
E'en while we taste the bitter cup,  
We know that Jesus lives.



## HYMN.

## THE MEEKNESS OF THE CHRISTIAN CONVERT.

Meekness ! how sweet its influence,  
O'er wayward sinners given ;  
The Spirit doth its power dispense,  
The silent power of heaven.

Meekness ! it is the christian's part,  
Without presumption's leaven ;  
It operates on every heart,  
And proves its source is heaven.

Jesus was meek, and so are they,  
Who are by Christ forgiven ;  
None but the gentle can portray,  
The Saviour's course to heaven.

Thou vile presumption fly this breast,  
There meekest praise be given ;  
And joy imperfectly possessed,  
Advance to joy in heaven.

## HYMN.

## LOOKING HEAVENWARD.

Permit my wishful soul to gaze,  
On Jesus in His glorious state;  
To walk no more delusion's ways,  
But strive to enter zion's gate.

I'm weary of this world and sin,  
I wish for purer airs above;  
I'm weary of this gloom and din,  
Oh for serenity and love.

Jesus has peace and joy with Him,  
They cluster at His gracious hand;  
There are no dangerous paths or dim,  
O'er all His fair and heavenly land.

Jesus ! before my hopes are gone,  
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest;  
And as I daily journey on,  
Make me in Thy sweet presence blest.

## HYMN.

## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

How sweet to sit beside,  
The christian's dying bed ;  
As one by one his pains subside,  
Till every pain has fled.  
To see the dimmed, the glazing eye,  
And feel 'tis glory thus to die.

Then friendship lifts the latch,  
And gently enters in,  
Constrained by memory to catch,  
One parting look within ;  
To say *farewell!* ah, sound how vain,  
Compared to angels' choral strain.

Then father, brother, wife,  
Below his pillow kneel ;  
Express by tears the active strife,  
Their quickened spirits feel :  
Yet to their maker,—God, resign,  
This heritage of love divine.

The christian breathes his last,  
His toil, his warfare done ;  
Oh, who may tell his joy how vast,  
Beyond the stars begun ?  
None, none but they who reach may know,  
Nor e'en convey the bliss below.

But even death has left,  
Some subject to entrance ;  
Through yonder high and azure cleft,  
Heaven's beautiful expanse,  
I see ; and angels to and fro,  
With the departed christian go.

And then I hear, or seem,  
Plunged in my musings deep,  
Their voices down the life-fraught stream,  
In pleasant cadence sweep.  
Oh, may I join that blissful choir?  
Dear Jesus, grant my warm desire.



## HYMN.

“ REMEMBER ME.”

“ Remember me,” the malefactor prayed,  
Between the groans and horrors of his doom ;  
Then was his hope upon his Saviour stayed,  
And steadfast love within his breast found  
room.

Justly he suffered as we mortals do,  
And 'mid his anguish, deep petitions rose ;  
Sinner, dost thou call on thy Saviour too,  
When doubts molest, or obstacles oppose ?



Remember me ! How pitiful the prayer !

The contrite heart thus always piteous prays ;  
Nor dreams its pleas for mercy to defer,  
To happier seasons, and to peaceful days.

Now in the agony of doubt and pain,  
He calls for rescue ! oh, what bitter cries !  
Say, fellow-sinner, shall he call in vain,  
Shall disappointment mock his miseries ?

No ! for the Saviour all his prayers has heard,  
“ This day in Paradise thou too shall be ; ”  
Cherubic millions catch the rapturous word,  
And shout the news,—a soul from death set  
free.

This day in Paradise ! The labor's done,  
Love's earliest fruit beside the cross is born ;  
The precious Saviour, God's all glorious son,  
Death's sombre garlands hath forever shorn.

“ Remember me ! ” This sweet petition use,  
Oh, fellow pilgrim, ere thy day is past ;  
Pomp, glory, pleasure, let not these confuse,  
Thy virtue sully, or thy prospects blast.

And when the Father calls thy spirit up,  
Be these thy pleadings,—“ Lord, remember  
me,”  
While Christ to sweeten thy afflictive cup,  
Says,—“ Thou this day in Paradise shalt be.”

## HYMN.

## THE LABORS OF LOVE.

Love daily sows some fruitful seed,  
Along the heart's luxuriant field,  
To recompense its future need,  
By golden crop, and graceful yield.

The dear deposite Jesus sees,  
And shelters it from scattering winds ;  
Sends gentle rain, and sun, and breeze,  
Which slowly the firm earth unbinds.

And then the germ in hopeful grace,  
Starts in green beauty from the ground ;  
Repaying its congenial place,  
With verdure to the earth around.

Love's harvest ! oh, what sweetness fills,  
The field where its luxuriance waves ;  
'Tis watered by hope's happy rills,  
And faith its golden glory laves.

When life is closing on the scene,  
Of barren pomp, and vapid show,  
Its lovely blade, its stock of green,  
Survive death's chilling, crumbling blow.

## HYMN.

## DESIRE TO SEE JESUS.

As servants earnestly desire,  
To see the light of day expire ;  
Their lengthened shadows long to see,  
So I desire and long for Thee.

My days are dark, the hours are sad,  
Once they were with sweet comfort clad,  
And I, as 'neath a curtain bright,  
Dwelt in an atmosphere of light.

Oh, why this falling from the joy,  
Which gladdened once, my just employ ?  
Oh, why this darkness and decline,  
If Christ eternally is mine ?

There is no reason but my sin,  
That darkness dwells without, within,  
To canopy with gloom, my head,  
And through my heart its terrors shed.

Now let me love my Saviour more,  
Now let me His free grace adore ;  
Jesus, I now appeal to Thee,  
Impart Thy love, dear Lord, to me.

## HYMN.

## PARDON PURCHASED BY JESUS.

Freely our pardon Christ procured,  
By death He bore our shame ;  
What anguish His dear frame endured,  
What vile contempt His name.

E'en as He languished, yearned His love,  
He spoke compassion's tongue,  
Pointed the penitent above,  
While man his sufferings sung.

To such humanity our race  
Their constant service owe ;  
Yet, for the blessings of His grace,  
What barren fruits we show.

We feast on follies as we fly,  
To unalarming death ;  
How sudden is the call to die,  
And thus return our breath.

May we reflect, and cheerful take,  
Salvation to our heart ;  
Lest He who such compassion spake,  
May bid our souls, depart.

## EPITAPH.

'Twere wise to follow, (when we undertake  
An unknown journey) some experienced guide,  
Amplly familiar with each turn and break,  
Each rock, each rivulet, each cavern's side,  
That where he walks we may unasking tread,  
Though hoary cliffs frown on us overhead,  
Or boiling torrents through the valley sweep,  
Our road though devious, unreluctant keep,  
Till we emerge, expatiate, and survey,  
The crowning beauty of our narrow way.  
Thus did he, prudent, find in Christ his guide,  
And to His holy love his soul confide.

## HYMN.

## A NEW SONG TO THE LORD.

Oh ! sing a new song to the Lord,  
And wide His salvation display ;  
'Mid the heathen His glory oh haste to record,  
And spread His delectable sway.

Jehovah is great, and His power  
Comprises the heavens ; His hand  
Can roll the mild planet or fearlessly shower,  
A pestilence over the land.

His beauty, His strength cannot fade ;  
The Lord is forever the same,  
Though worlds should depart, blighted, sunken,  
decayed,  
Or fall 'neath the besom of flame.

Oh come with a spirit of love,  
And worship Jehovah who reigns ;  
Let piety tuned to the voice of the dove,  
Pour forth her enrapturing strains.

The trees of the wood all rejoice,  
And echo His glory on high ;  
Let earth and her children adopt a new voice,  
And shout, for the Lord draweth nigh.

## HYMN.

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS A CONSPICUOUS PRIVILEGE.

Conspicuous in my list of joys,  
My Saviour's presence shines ;  
His calmness all my doubts destroys,  
The coil of care untwines.

True, there are some whose love I prize,  
Whose credence I esteem ;  
But none so much delight mine eyes,  
Or prove a lovelier theme.

I know that on His heart of love,  
My hopes for glory rest ;  
My soul keeps looking home above,  
And thus is sweetly blest.

Lord ! if I should neglect the road,  
Which grace appoints on high ;  
Be Thou my present Helper,—God,  
And Thou my soul's supply.

## EPITAPH.

In quiet walks of study did he muse,  
Prompted the page of science to peruse,  
Impartial scan with nature's laws compare,  
Broadly exhibited in field or air ;  
So that the vulgar, bold in their pursuit,  
Seldom essayed his knowledge to refute,  
Pitied his meekness, termed it indolence.  
(For vicious feeling asks a slight pretence.)  
Be this his epitaph, to feeling true,—  
“ Few sought his home, yet there his God he  
knew.”



## HYMN OF THE PILGRIMS.

Thus far have we journeyed, through forests, o'er  
plain,  
By the sweet, laughing brook, by the thunder-  
voiced main,  
By the passionate river, all eddies and foam;  
We are journeying still, 'till we settle at home.

Thus far have we journeyed,—at night on the  
lake,  
The shrill border songsters the silence would  
break;  
While the waves, gleaming silver, sped leeward,  
the moon,  
Seemed moving in concert with forest bird's  
tune.

All along the bold shore, which we hugged on  
our way,  
The wolf and the panther glared wildly at bay;  
And their phantom-like shadows seen through the  
thin trees,  
Seemed equal formation of landscape and breeze.

By the blazing light brushwood we happily slept,  
While a friend or a kinsman the cautious watch  
kept ;

Thus, Lord, do we rest on Thy bosom of love,  
While Jesus, the Saviour, keeps watch from  
above.

Thus far have we journeyed, swam, forded, and  
strayed,  
Up mountains, down valleys, o'er fresh smiling  
glades ;  
In the ravine have plunged, in the thicket have  
stood,  
While the pioneer's axe cut a pass through the  
wood.

Each season of slumber, each night that we rest,  
Kind angels assemble from towns of the blest ;  
There's a silence around us which seldom is  
riven,  
Except by the half indulged voices of heaven.

By the crackling camp-fire we hear or we seem,  
To catch the faint sound of some youth-beloved  
stream ;  
On whose flower-gemmed shores, on whose bosom  
so bright,  
The world like the water seemed kindred of light.

We have paused here to slumber ; oh hang o'er  
camp,  
Thou, Guardian of angels, thy love-lighted lamp ;  
Be Thou here to preside, to surround, to defend,  
'Till the dangers of darkness in daylight shall  
end.

We all shall be gathered to sleep in the tomb ;  
Oh ! Father eternal, make happy our doom,  
That from life's midnight watches we all may  
arise,  
Through the passage prepared to our home in  
skies.

## HYMN.

## NO REST IN UNREGENERACY.

I found no peace while e'er I trod,  
The paths of unrepented sin ;  
The anger of a holy God,  
Seemed frowning on my soul within.

I tried in worldly joys to drown,  
The sad remembrance but in vain ;  
Still o'er my soul there hung that frown,  
As if 'twould ne'er depart again.

Loud in my agony I cried ;  
The Saviour heard, He kindly came,  
And said,—since I for sinners, died,  
“ Believe on my redeeming name.”

Who could refuse a like request,  
Such easy terms of pardon scorn,  
My soul flew to His arm for rest,  
My soul long stricken, weak, forlorn.

In His salvation I behold  
Some daily beauty and delight ;  
A thread continuous of gold,  
To make the sinner's garment bright.

Who but Jehovah could extend,  
Pardon equivalent to sin ;  
Who but the Son of God could send,  
Such mercy, love, and peace within.

## HYMN.

## CALL FOR THE SAVIOUR.

Come Saviour and explore my heart,  
Its mysteries explain,  
See if there be an evil part,  
To make Thy precepts vain.

Let conscience aid Thy work of love,  
And wisely faithful be ;  
Oh for some agency to prove,  
My love entire to Thee.

Unlimited affections, Lord,  
I would with joy bestow ;  
Such knowledge and such light afford,  
That I their gift may know.

Break down each barrier to Thy feet.  
Dear Jesus enter in ;  
My soul stands ready here to greet,  
The conqueror of sin.

## HYMN.

## GOD'S GRACE VIVIFYING.

Thou who dost gird the rugged hills,  
And bid them in bold grandeur stand ;  
From their worn sides command the rills,  
To vivify the thirsty land.

Thou who hast built the mountains up,  
And covered their rough brow with green ;  
Scoped out the valleys as a cup,  
And reared high barriers between.

Thou, great Jehovah, canst ordain,  
The waters of Thy grace to flow ;  
O'er the hard heart's unfruitful plain,  
Where thorns and weeds of mischief grow.

There shall some plants of beauty rise,  
Deep penitence that soul shall move ;  
Then shall it be to glory wise,  
Its chief, its only joy above.

Thou hast the treasures of the deep,  
Within the compass of thy will ;  
Deign my poor soul in love to steep,  
Its depths with holy rapture fill.

## HYMN.

## DEATH.

How dreadful is the subject, death,  
To souls estranged to heaven ;  
Feeble and fleeting is their breath,  
As breezes lulled at even.

Wrath in the person of a king,  
The sword of fury rears ;  
Conscience applies her piercing sting,  
And reprovokes their fears.

Is there a covert calm and deep  
Where they can swiftly fly ;  
And in a long unchanging sleep,  
Rest each affrighted eye.

No, sinner, no, e'en hell maintains,  
God's dignity and love,  
As fully as angelic strains,  
In pleasant airs above.

There's no escape when once their doom,  
Is by Jehovah sealed ;  
The terrors of eternal gloom,  
Are by his hand revealed.

## HYMN

## HOPE SUSTAINED BY EVIDENCE.

How can I doubt those records bright,  
Which shine along Thy written word ;  
Thou wilt bring those rich truths to sight,  
True, Thou art able, glorious Lord.

Thy power will second and perform,  
The blessings which Thy love designed ;  
The strength of Thy important arm,  
Shews the rich mercy of Thy mind.

Faith loves to reconcile her state,  
With the possession of Thy grace ;  
Happy on Thy dear will to wait,  
And waiting, Thy sweet word embrace.

She knows, ah, here is pleasure deep,—  
Her vast commission rests in Thee,  
Thou wilt her untold glory keep,  
Through an enjoyed eternity.



## HYMN.

## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

When all the faithful purged of fear  
The resurrection dawn shall see,  
How lovely will their robes appear,  
How beautiful their Saviour be.

From angels and the holy throng,  
Of prophets and apostles old,  
Shall swell a sweet immortal song,  
Attuned to instruments of gold.

The elders clothed in raiment white,  
The judgment shall with joy survey;  
The records of the Book recite,  
Reserved to this momentous day;

The Lamb once slain shall loose the seal,  
None other adequate be found;  
Its mighty mysteries reveal,  
'Mid pomp august, tremendous sound;

Angels announce that time is o'er,  
Eternity its reign begins;  
The saints their Saviour may adore,  
Exempt from dangers, woes, and sins.

## HYMN.

## FAITH POWERFUL AT DEATH.

The solemn sentence, soul, attend,  
Shortly thy passing hour shall end.  
And worldly passion and desire,  
Deep in the voiceless grave expire.

The small and great must slumber there,  
Though rags or royal robes they wear ;  
The sinner in his costly dress,  
The saint in simple holiness.

Therefore in Jesus lodge thy trust,  
So that when death demands thy dust,  
Thy faith shall from the ruin rise,  
And grasp His glory in the skies.

## HYMN.

## THE DOOM OF THE HYPOCRITE.

The hypocrite, how vain his hope,  
To perish when his flesh shall fail,  
Can mortal with almighty cope,  
Finite o'er infinite prevail ?

Though vivid beauties lure his eye,  
And pleasing prospects cheer his heart  
He hears the dread command to die,—  
From all congenial joys depart.

May he repent and seek His face ?  
Is death fit season for return ?  
Will Jesus there extend His grace,  
In pity for the soul's concern.

Ah, no ; the hypocrite aspires,  
To honours by the saints unknown,  
To perish in the quenchless fires,  
Which Satan kindles for his own.

## HYMN.

## THE WAY OF THE SAINT WEARISOME.

By toil and travel, sobs and sighs,  
Thy saints unto Thy glory rise ;  
How sweet the change from pain to rest,  
From poverty to Jesus' breast.

And shall all saints such pleasure find ?  
To all Christ equally is kind,  
Nor can His love one look restrain,  
Relief for penalty and pain.

They are all buried in His love,  
To rise in raiment pure above ;  
The sounding trump their souls attend,  
And, radiant, to their hope ascend.

The dim futurity no more,  
Distresses o'er their hearts shall pour ;  
With souls made perfect, they possess,  
The glory of His righteousness.

## HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Dear Jesus, we linger to sing to thy praise  
And strive, with our voices, Thy glory to raise;  
We share Thy kind counsels, Thy presence so  
sweet,  
And sigh for fresh seasons our Saviour to meet.

Until we assemble again, may Thy peace,  
Vouchsafed to Thy children, our blessings in-  
crease,  
In pleasant communion instruction afford,  
And teach us acceptance of Jesus the Lord.



## DOXOLOGY.

And when we have served Thy sweet purpose  
below,  
(Thine shall be the glory,) to joy will we go;  
And feast on the pleasures foretokened above  
The presence of Jesus, the length of His love.

## HYMN.

## HOPES AND YEARNINGS HEAVENWARD.

Now let me muse and meditate,  
On promised beauties and delight  
Far in the distant, heavenly state,  
Where hope is realized in sight.

I picture to my eager mind,  
Valleys and intermingling rills ;  
Bright paths that through the valleys wind,  
'Till they encircle steadfast hills.

And lakes reflecting flower and tree,  
That bloom along their fertile rim ;  
Vistas of charming scenery,  
Lustrous, or roseate, or dim.

High walls of jasper, gates of pearl,  
Corridor golden, sapphire dome,  
Clouds of delicious perfume curl,  
From vocal walk and peaceful roam.

Bands of enraptured beings led,  
In lovely intercourse along ;  
With boughs of heavenly fruitage fed,  
And chorusing some heavenly song.

Honey from clefts slow trickling down,—  
The deep recess, the shaded pool,  
Bordered with crimson leaves and brown,  
Vineyards and olives ripe and full.

And then,—but here my mind must fail,  
Thy glory, God, is far too high,  
For earthly nature to detail ;  
This I surrender 'till I die.

THE END.



















